



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KD

47528

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 26PE B

ROLINE

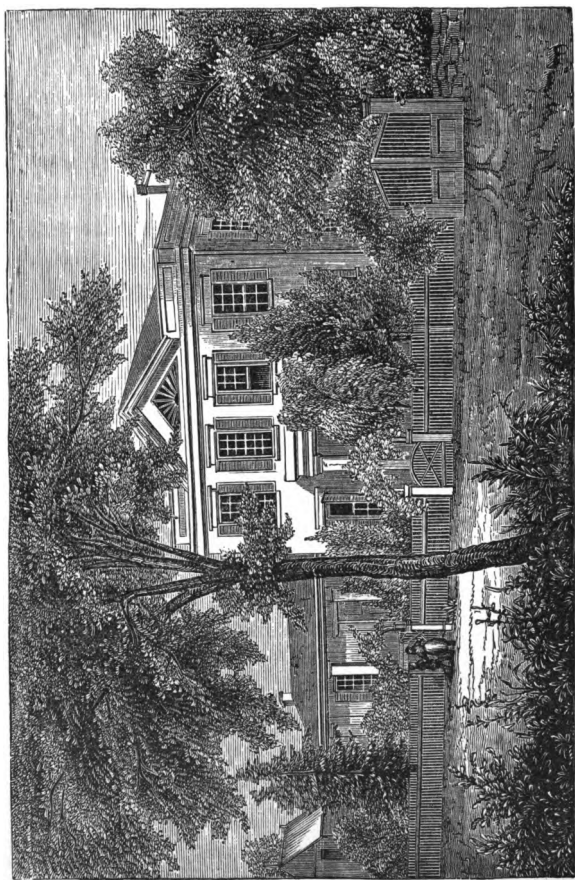
JACOB ABBOTT



RD 47528

William Cameron Forbes

W. Cameron Forbes



Caroline

A FRANCONIA STORY

BY JACOB ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1904

KD 47528



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and fifty-three, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New York.

Copyright, 1881, by BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, AUSTIN
ABBOTT, LYMAN ABBOTT, and EDWARD ABBOTT.

P R E F A C E.

THE development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and every thing in fact which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction*. On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire, and growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There is

is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it, while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure, in plans for forming the characters of children.

It is in accordance with this philosophy that these stories, though written mainly with a view to their moral influence on the hearts and dispositions of the readers, contain very little formal exhortation and instruction. They present quiet and peaceful pictures of happy domestic life, portraying generally such conduct, and expressing such sentiments and feelings, as it is desirable to exhibit and express in the presence of children.

The books, however, will be found, perhaps, after all, to be useful mainly in entertaining and amusing the youthful readers who may peruse them, as the writing of them has been the amusement and recreation of the author in the intervals of more serious pursuits.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—THE PRESENTS,	11
II.—PHONNY'S LETTER,	29
III.—THE WALK,	51
IV.—A VOYAGE,	72
V.—BEECHNUT'S RETURN,	93
VI.—THE PARTY,	115
VII.—THE END OF THE PARTY,	135
VIII.—JASPER,	153
IX.—PLANS FORMED,	173
X.—THE BLUEBERRY PARTY	193

ENGRAVINGS.



	PAGE
—FRONTPIECE.	
THE PARCEL,	16
THE BOAT,	26
THE RASPBERRIES,	47
THE REFUGE,	63
SETTING OFF,	77
THE SIGNAL,	83
FORDING,	112
THE ROCKING BOAT,	127
THE STORY TELLING,	152
CAROLINE AND THE TWO BOYS,	179
THE REFUSAL,	209

SCENE OF THE STORY.

FRANCONIA, a place among the mountains at the North
The time is summer.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

CAROLINE, the daughter of Mr. Keep, a lawyer in the village.

MRS. HENRY, a lady residing in a pleasant house on the
bank of the river, near the village.

MALLEVILLE, seven or eight years old, Mrs. Henry's niece.

PHONNY, nine or ten years old, Mrs. Henry's son.

BEECHNUT, a French boy, so called, at service at Mrs.
Henry's. His name properly is Antoine Bianchinette.

WALLACE, a college student, Malleville's brother. spending
his vacation at Mrs. Henry's.

LIVINGSTON, Wallace's classmate, visiting at Franconia

MARY BELL, about thirteen years old. A friend of Malle-
ville, residing at a little distance from Mrs. Henry's.

ELLEN LINN, a friend of Mary Bell. She is the sister of
Rodolphus.

CAROLINE

CHAPTER I.

THE PRESENTS.

ONE pleasant summer evening, about an hour before sunset, Phonny and Malleville came out of the great gate in front of Phonny's house, to take a walk.

"Let us go down to the river," said Malleville.

There was a river very near Mrs. Henry's house, and a pleasant path leading down to it through a field.

"No," said Phonny, "let us go along the road."

"If we go down by the river," said Malleville, "we can get some flowers."

"And if we go by the road, we shall meet the stage coming in," said Phonny. "That's a great deal better than getting flowers."

Malleville yielded. That was right. It

was proper that she should yield. The rule of polite society is, that the gentleman ought always to be ready and willing of his own accord, to consult the wishes of the lady, in a question of this sort, and to govern himself by them. But when he forgets himself so far as to disregard the lady's wishes, and insist upon his own, then it is the duty of the lady not to contend, but to submit readily and gracefully to the necessity of the case. This, Malleville did, in the present instance. She said no more about the flowers, but walked with Phonny along the road.

"I wish that Beechnut would come home," said Phonny. "Or rather I wish he never would go away, at all."

Beechnut had gone to the city of Boston, and was to be absent about ten days. He had now been gone about three days, and Phonny was very lonesome without him.

"You will see the prettiest horse, when the stage comes," said Phonny, "that there is in all this country. It is an off leader."

Malleville made a very great mistake in understanding this expression. She thought Phonny had said that the horse was an *angry* eater.

"An awful eater!" she replied, gravely, "what does he eat?"

Here Phonny burst into a loud and uncontrollable fit of laughter, while Malleville continued to look very grave, and even somewhat perplexed and distressed. She did not know what Phonny was laughing at. Phonny, however, could not control himself sufficiently to explain, but lay down upon the grass by the roadside, and rolled over and over, repeating in the intervals of his paroxysm,

"An awful eater!—Oh dear me!"

"Phonny!" said Malleville, very sternly, "you *shall not* laugh so much. You must get up."

At that moment, Malleville, looking along the road, saw horses' heads just coming into view at a turn, and heard the sound of wheels, so she added,

"And besides, here is the stage coming now, and you will get run over."

Hearing this, Phonny jumped up and sobered himself in an instant. The stage-coach was really coming.

It advanced very rapidly. Phonny and Malleville stood out on one side of the road to let it go by. There was a lady and a small

boy on the outside seat of the stage, with the driver, and Phonny's attention was attracted by them, so that he forgot to point out the off leader to Malleville, until the stage got opposite to him, and then he was surprised at seeing the driver suddenly rein up his horses and stop the stage.

"Phonny," said the driver, "is that you? I have got something for you, here."

"For me?" said Phonny, surprised.

The driver put his hand under the seat and drew out a small package, which was tied up very securely, in brown paper. He threw the package out to the bank where Phonny was standing.

"It is all paid," said he

Then he drove on.

Phonny ran to the place where the package had fallen, and took it up. Malleville followed him.

"Let me see," said she. "What is it?"

The package was about eight inches long, four inches wide, and, perhaps, two inches thick. It was enveloped in thick wrapping-paper, and tied with a strong cord, which was passed round the parcel in both directions. The knot of the cord was sealed with sealing-

wax, and the cord itself was secured to the paper by sealing-wax, in two or three other places besides. In fact, the whole appearance of the parcel seemed to indicate that it contained something very valuable. It was addressed on the back, in a very plain hand,

Miss Malleville Henry,

Care of Master Alphonso Henry,

Franconia.

On the left hand, upper corner, was written the word **PAD**, with a black line drawn under it.

"It is for you, after all," said Phonny, looking a little disappointed.

"Yes," said Malleville, "give it to me. I want to break it open, and see what is inside."

"Let me open it for you," said Phonny. "I can open it better."

"No," replied Malleville, "I want to open it myself,—if you will only get the string off."

So Malleville and Phonny sat down upon a large stone, which lay by the side of the road, and proceeded to open the parcel.



THE PARCEL.

Phonny had no knife to cut the cord, and so he was obliged to gnaw it off with his teeth. This took some time. At last, however, the cord was divided, and then Phonny handed back the parcel to Malleville.

Malleville proceeded to remove the wrappings with which the contents of the parcel were enveloped. After a time, there came out a large and beautiful japanned tin box. It was rounded at the ends and edges, and it had

a large lid in one side. Malleville opened the lid, and found the box full of other parcels, and immediately under the lid, as they opened it, was a note addressed to Malleville. Malleville opened the note, and Phonny looked at the bottom of it for the signature.

“Beechnut,” said he. “It is from Beechnut. Let me read it to you, Malleville.”

“Well,” said Malleville.

So Phonny took the note and read as follows:—

“MY DEAR MALLEVILLE:

“I send you what I call an Excursion-Box. It is to take with you when you go on excursions. You wrap up your cake, or your bread and butter, or whatever you have for your luncheon, in a paper, and put it in your box when you go, and then, after you have eaten your luncheon, you use your box to put flowers or mosses, or berries in, when you come home. The most convenient way to carry it, is to hang it by the ribbon over your shoulder. You put the ribbon through the rings.”

“But I have not got any ribbon,” said Malleville, interrupting.

"Every day," continued Phonny, reading, "when you have done using your box, you must see that it is clean and dry, before you put it away."

"Yes," said Malleville, "I will."

"Or else," said Phonny, still reading from the note, "it will grow rusty inside. Please give Phonny his parcel."

"BEECHNUT."

"Where is it?" said Phonny, eagerly. "Let me see."

Sosaying, he took out one of the parcels from the inside of the box, and found to his great joy that his name was written on the back of it.

On opening this package, it was found to contain something solid in the center, with a smaller and thinner parcel wrapped around it. The central portion proved to be a pocket-knife. The knife had a very smooth and beautiful handle, and two very brilliant blades. One of these blades was large, and the other small. They both opened very easily. Phonny opened the large one first, and then the small one. The blades were very highly polished, and the point of the small blade was

as sharp as a needle. Phonny uttered several exclamations of delight, and then shut the blades up again. In the mean time, a note addressed to Phonny had dropped out, and had fallen down upon the grass. Malleville picked it up and held it in her hand. Phonny was not, however, yet ready to read it. He wished first to open the small and thin envelope which had been wrapped round the knife.

He found it contained a long and narrow linen rag, in the form of a bandage, very neatly folded up, and also a sheet of court-plaster. Phonny looked very much surprised to see these things, and then opened his note to get an explanation. He read as follows :—

“DEAR PHONNY,

“I send herewith a new knife for you, and also a bandage and some court-plaster for your cut fingers. For small cuts the court-plaster will do, but when you go in to the bone, I would recommend holding your finger in cold water a while, and then doing it up with the bandage.

“Yours, affectionately,

“BEECHNUT.”

"P.S. You need not be afraid of this knife, for it is very sharp, and so will make clean cuts, that will heal very easily."

"Nonsense," said Phonny. "I don't mean to cut my fingers at all with the knife."

There was still one more small parcel to open. It was addressed to Malleville. Malleville opened it and found a long blue ribbon inside. The ribbon was pretty wide and very strong, and Malleville knew at once that it was intended for her box. So she wrapped it up again in the paper and put it back in the box, saying, that she meant to go home and show it to her aunt. She rose from her seat, and taking her box under her arm, she went into the road. Phonny followed her. He put his court-plaster and bandage into his pocket, but he kept the knife in his hands,—opening and shutting the blades, and examining it carefully in every part, as he walked along.

"It is the very best knife I ever had," said he.

Phonny and Malleville walked along toward the house, very much pleased with their presents, and both impatient to show them to Mrs. Henry. Presently, Malleville saw a girl

coming into view in the road, at a considerable distance before them.

"There comes somebody," said she. "I wish it was Mary Bell."

"It *is* Mary Bell," said Phonny, "I verily believe."

"No," said Malleville, "it is Caroline Keep. I can see the feather in her bonnet."

Caroline had a very pretty blue bonnet, with a white feather hanging over it gracefully, like a plume.

In a short time the three children came together.

"Caroline," said Phonny, "we have got some presents from Beechnut; come and see them."

So the children walked out to the side of the road, and sat down upon the green bank to look at the presents.

"Where is Beechnut?" said Caroline.

"He has gone away," said Phonny. "He has been gone several days, and he is going to be gone nearly a week longer."

"How sorry I am," said Caroline.

"Why?" asked Phonny.

"Because I was going to have a party," replied Caroline, "and I wanted him to come."

"Oh never mind," said Phonny, "you can have your party without him."

"But I want him to be there very much," said Caroline. "He always makes us have such a good time. Besides I am afraid Mary Bell can't come."

"When was your party going to be?" asked Malleville.

"To-morrow," said Caroline.

Caroline then went on to explain, that she had been to invite Mary Bell, but that Mrs. Bell was sick, and it was doubtful whether Mary could come.

"Is she very sick?" said Malleville.

"No," said Caroline, "when I went there, she was sitting up in a great easy chair. She said that Mary Bell might come, but Mary came out with me afterward to the door, when I came away, and told me that she did not believe that she could come, for she did not think that her mother would be well enough to be left alone."

"I have just been to your house, to invite you," continued Caroline, "but now that Beechnut is not at home, and Mary Bell can not come, I don't know whether to have any party or not."

"Yes," said Phonny, "I would have it; Malleville and I can come."

In the mean time, while this conversation had been going on, Phonny and Malleville had opened their presents, and were now ready to show them to Caroline. Caroline looked at them with a great deal of interest. She did not say much about the knife, except that it looked like a very good one. She laughed at what was written in the note about the court-plaster and the rag, and about Phonny's cutting his fingers, and said that it sounded just like Beechnut.

When she came to look at Malleville's excursion-box, she examined it carefully inside and out, but she seemed to be only moderately pleased with it.

"I presume it will be very convenient," said she,—“but I think he might have sent you something prettier than that. A ring now,—a pretty ring, with a green stone in it, might have been bought with the same money, and how pretty it would have looked upon your finger.”

Malleville held up her finger, and tried to imagine how such a ring as Caroline described would have looked upon it.

"No," said Malleville, "I like my excursion-box a great deal better than I should a ring."

"Well," said Caroline. "Every one has their own taste, and I am very glad you are pleased."

So saying, Caroline arose from her seat and began to walk out toward the road, as if she were going on her way.

"And what about the party, Caroline?" said Malleville.

"Why, I think I shall put off my party till Beechnut comes back," said Caroline, "but still I wish that you and Phonny would come and see me to-morrow."

"Well," said Phonny, "we will."

"If Aunt Henry will let us," said Malleville.

"Oh, she will let us, I know," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Caroline, "and come as early as you can."

Here Caroline began to walk along the road in the way that led to the village. Phonny and Malleville, on the other hand, turned toward their own home, Malleville singing as she went, from a song which Beechnut had taught her, the lines,

**"Come as early as you can,
And stay till after tea."**

On the way home Phonny went into a thicket by the roadside to try his knife, by cutting a tall and slender stem which he saw growing there, and which he thought would make a good fishing-pole. Malleville waited for him at the edge of the thicket. There were some wild flowers growing there, and Malleville amused herself, while waiting for Phonny, in gathering these flowers, and she had a great mind to put them in her box. She concluded, however, on reflection, that she would not put any thing into her box until she had first shown it to her aunt Henry.

When Phonny had cut his pole, which he did very easily, for his knife was very sharp, he brought it out into the road, and after trimming off the branches and the top, he began to walk along with Malleville as before.

The road in which Phonny and Malleville were walking, led them at one point pretty near the river. When the children arrived at this place, they looked out upon the water and saw a boat there with two boys in it.

The boys appeared to be fishing. One of them had a pole. The other was fishing with a line alone, which he held somewhat inconveniently, over the gunwale of the boat.



THE BOAT.

The water was smooth and clear, and the evening air was calm and still, so that the boat made a beautiful appearance as she lay floating in the stream. The form of the boat itself, and also those of the boys were very plainly reflected in the glassy surface of the water below. Phonny could even see the reflection of the fishing-pole which one of the boys held in the air.

The boy who had no pole looked up from his fishing, and when he saw Phonny and Malleville on the shore, he called out,

“Hallos! Phonny.”

“Hallos! Dolphin,” said Phonny.

"Who is that?" said Malleville, in an under tone to Phonny.

"Rodolphus Linn," said Phonny.

"Is that Rodolphus?" said Malleville
"He used to work at our house once."

"Yes," said Phonny, "in haying time
Now he works in the mill."

"Phonny," said Rodolphus, calling again,
"what is that you have got?"

"A fishing-pole," said Phonny. "I have
just cut it."

"Give it to me, and I will give you some
pond-lilies," said Rodolphus.

"I wish you would," said Malleville, speaking to Phonny, "and then give me one of the
pond-lilies."

"Have you got any pond-lilies?" said
Phonny, calling to Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Rodolphus.

"And how many will you give me?" asked
Phonny.

"Three," said Rodolphus—"or six. I don't
care if I give you six."

Here Malleville clapped her hands.

"Well," said Phonny, "come ashore and
get the pole."

So Phonny went down to the beach. The

boys drew in their fishing-lines, and pushed the boat toward the shore. As soon as they were near enough, Phonny reached out the pole and Rodolphus took it in. Immediately afterward Rodolphus selected six pond-lilies, and threw them out to Phonny on the sand.

Phonny gave two of the pond-lilies to Malleville, and Malleville was very much gratified at receiving them. She was now more inclined than ever to open her box, knowing how safely her lilies could be stowed in it, by putting the heads of the lilies in first, in the center of the box, and then coiling the stems around them. She, however, concluded to persevere in her original design of carrying home her box and showing it to her aunt in the condition precisely in which she first received it. So she walked home with Phonny, carrying her box in one hand, and her lilies in the other. The flowers which she had gathered herself, she now no longer prized since she had obtained the lilies, and so she threw them away.

CHAPTER II.

PHONNY'S LETTER.

THE children were always very impatient to have Beechnut come home, whenever he went away, and on this occasion, it happened that Phonny brought him home two days sooner than Beechnut intended to come. It is curious also to observe, that Phonny caused Beechnut to come home sooner than he had intended without himself designing to produce any such effect. The event happened in the following singular manner.

The children obtained Mrs. Henry's permission to go and visit Caroline, according to the invitation which they had received, and they set off together at two o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed day, and walked along on the road toward the village, full of anticipations of pleasure. Phonny had his new knife in his pocket, and Malleville had her excursion-box hanging from her neck by its ribbon. The box had an excellent luncheon inside. When

Malleville first proposed to put the luncheon in, Mrs. Henry suggested to her that it was not quite in accordance with the customs of polite society, to carry a supply of food in going a visiting ; but Malleville was so desirous of putting her box at once to its destined use, that Mrs. Henry waived her objection, and the luncheon was put in. It consisted of two apple turnovers, and two pieces of cheese.

The house where Caroline lived was in the village. It was a large and handsome house, with a beautiful yard in front, containing trees and shrubbery, with gravel walks, bordered with beds of flowers, winding among them. On one side of the house there was a wing, which contained Mr. Keep's office ; for Mr. Keep, Caroline's father, was a lawyer. There was a door of entrance to this office in front, with a path leading to it from the road, where there was a small gate, by which Mr Keep's clients were accustomed to come in. There was also a passage leading to the office from the house.

The wing was on the north side of the house, and on the south side there was a great gate, and a road-way which led in to the barns and sheds behind. There was also a large garden,

with flowers and fruits growing in it in great profusion, and two summer-houses covered with vines. These vines were, however, only for shade, as the climate was altogether too cold in Franconia, for grapes to ripen.

When Phonny and Malleville arrived at Mr. Keep's, Caroline amused them, for some time, in conducting them about the yards and gardens, and then brought them into the house. She took them first into what she called the hall, which was a long room in the back part of the house, very comfortably and pleasantly furnished, and used in the winter evenings as a family sitting-room. It was in this hall that the children were accustomed to play at blind man's buff, and other similar games, at Caroline's parties. After looking about this hall for some time, and seeing the books and play-things which were stored in various desks and secretaries about the room, the children went on under Caroline's guidance, to the office. In going into the office, they passed through a small passage-way, which lay between the hall and the office, and which had a window in it, that looked out upon a pleasant piazza behind the house.

"My father has gone away," said Caroline,

"and so we will go and play in his office a little while."

The children went into the office, and after looking about in it for some time, Caroline went and took her seat in a great arm-chair, which stood by a window at the end of the room, saying:

"Now, we will play lawyer. I will be the lawyer, and you shall be my clients. You must come with some business for me to do."

This plan for play, did not, however, succeed very well. Neither Malleville nor Phonny knew how clients were accustomed to act, or what they used to say when they came in to see their lawyers. At last, Caroline proposed that they should play school instead.

"I will be the teacher," said Caroline, "and you shall be my two scholars."

Caroline had a double reason, in fact, for proposing to play school. She had found a very entertaining book on the office-table, and wished to read it; and she concluded that by setting Phonny and Malleville at their studies they would be kept still a little while, and she could sit in the great arm-chair, and read undisturbed.

"Now," said Caroline, "you are my schol-

ars. I must give you some names. *Your* name," said she, pointing to Phonny, "is"—

Here Caroline hesitated, and seemed to be rying to think of a name.

"Bronk," said she, at last, "your name shall be Bronk."

"That is not a good name," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Caroline, "Bronk is a good name for a bad boy. I am going to play that you are a bad boy."

"And your name," added Caroline, turning to Malleville, "shall be—, let me see—Eldoranda. Now remember."

"Oh dear me!" said Malleville, with a sigh, "I can't remember such a long name,—nor speak it."

"But you won't have to speak it," said Caroline. "Nobody has to speak their own name. All you have to do, is, when I call you by that name to come. If I call you Malleville, you need not pay any attention to it at all."

"Well," said Malleville.

"And now, Bronk," said Caroline, "*you* are to write, and Eldoranda is to read. *You* are to write a composition."

"Oh no," said Phonny. "I don't like to write a composition."

"Then, it shall be a letter," said Caroline. "You shall write a letter to Beechnut. We will play that your mother's house took fire last night, and burned up, and that you are writing to Beechnut to give an account of it, and to tell him to come home. You must make up some way for the house to take fire, while I am going to get a book for Eldoranda."

So Caroline brought a great chair up to a desk which stood in a corner of the room, where she said her father always wrote his letters. She put two great law books in the chair, to make it higher for Phonny. She also gave him a sheet of paper and a pen.

"There," said she, "that is where my father writes his letters. When they are written he puts them on the *safe*, and Uncle Ben carries them to the post-office."

Uncle Ben, as Caroline called him, was an old man who worked for Mr. Keep, and who was accustomed to go to the post-office for him. Mr. Keep called him Benjamin, and sometimes Mr. Short. His real name was Benjamin Short. Caroline, however, and the

children, generally were accustomed to call him Uncle Ben.

"Which is the safe?" said Phonny.

Caroline pointed toward the door, and there, by the side of the door, was what appeared to be a sort of cupboard, painted black, with bands and rivets of iron all around it. There was nothing on the safe at the time that Caroline showed it to Phonny, but she said that her father was accustomed to put letters and parcels of all kinds upon it, for Uncle Ben to carry away.

"It is all made of iron," said Caroline.

So Phonny went to the safe and put his hand upon it. It felt very solid and heavy, and was also very cold.

"What is there in it?" asked Phonny.

"Money," said Caroline.

"My!" said Phonny. "I wish *I* had a safe full of money."

"Now, Eldoranda," said Caroline, "we will go out into the hall and find a book for you to read."

So Caroline and Malleville went out into the hall, while Phonny went back to his desk and mounted up on the seat, which Caroline had provided for him. Then resting his el-

bows on the desk before him, and his chin on his hands, he set himself at work contriving some ingenious way for setting his mother's house on fire.

In a short time Caroline and Malleville came back. Malleville had three or four picture-books in her hand. Caroline gave Malleville a seat upon a stool near one of the front windows, and then taking her own book from the table she went and established herself comfortably in her great arm-chair. She found a stool too, to put her feet upon. When all was thus ready she said,

"Now, children, you have got your work before you, and you must work half an hour without speaking a word. If you do not speak a word and do your lessons well, I shall give you both an apple. But if you play, then I shall not give you any apple, nor let you have any recess."

So Caroline opened her book and began to read.

"How shall we know when the half-hour is out?" said Phonny.

"I will tell you when it is out," said Caroline, "and besides, you can look at the clock."

So saying Caroline pointed to a clock which hung upon the wall by the side of the door which led from the office into the house.

"Do you see the minute hand?"

"Which is the minute hand?" said Malleville.

"The longest one," said Caroline, "the one that points *up*. The minute hand is exactly up now, and that means that it is three o'clock. When the minute hand points down, then it will be half an hour. You can look up from your studies now and then and see."

After this the room was very still for some time. Phonny seemed to be very busy with his writing, and Malleville was absorbed in her books.

In about ten minutes, the attention of the school, both teacher and pupils, was suddenly attracted by a knocking at the door. It sounded as if some one were knocking on the door with a stick.

"Come in," said Caroline.

The door opened very slowly, and a man looked in. He was dressed in a sort of cartman's frock, and he had a long whip in his hand. In fact it was with the handle of this whip that he had knocked at the door.

"Ah," said he, as he looked around the room and saw that there were only children there. "The squire is not in."

"No, sir," said Caroline. "He is gone away. Could I do the business do you think?"

The man smiled and said No—he was afraid not.

"My father is coming home just before tea," said Caroline.

"Then I will come in again," replied the man. So saying he shut the door and withdrew.

"Children," said Caroline, "I am glad to see that you behave so well when company comes in. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction."

As Caroline said this in a perfectly grave and sober manner, Phonny and Malleville took it apparently in serious earnest, and both resumed their studies.

In about twenty minutes Phonny laid down his pen and drew a long sigh. Caroline looked up from her book. She turned her eyes first to Phonny and then to the clock. She pointed to the clock, then put her finger on her lips, and resumed her reading. Phonny

perceiving that ten minutes of his time were still remaining, took up his pen again, and soon afterward resumed his writing.

At length the half-hour expired. The party were all, however, very busy, and several minutes elapsed before either of them spoke.

At length Caroline shut up her book, rose from her chair, and said,

"Come children the school is done,—or at least it is time for the recess."

"Wait a minute," said Phonny, "just till I sign my name."

"Yes," said Malleville, "and by that time I shall get through this book; there are only four leaves more."

So Malleville and Phonny continued their studies a few minutes longer. Then Phonny wished to read his letter aloud to Caroline. Caroline said that she should be glad to hear it. She accordingly went to the desk. Malleville came up too. Phonny read as follows:

"FRANCONIA, Wednesday Morning.

"DEAR BEECHNUT,

"I am now at Mr. Keep's. I have got to write to you about our house burning up last night. The way it took fire was this.

I went up with Malleville into the garret in the evening to get a piece of string off my kite-twine. I unwound as much as I wanted, and then, as I had not any knife or scissors, I burned it off with the lamp. Then Malleville and I came down stairs.

“By-and-by, when it was time for me to go to bed, and I went up stairs with Hepzibah, she smelled something burning. She opened a closet, and there she saw sparks and embers dropping down from a place above, where the fire had burned through. The garret was all on fire. We ran down stairs calling fire, and the men came, but they could not put it out. It burnt the house all down and one of the barns.

“My half-hour is not quite out, and so I will tell you, besides, that the men saved the other barn with wet blankets. We want you to come home as soon as you can.

“Your affectionate friend,

“ALPHONZO HENRY.”

When Phonny had finished reading the letter, he looked up to Caroline with a smile. Caroline said that it was a very good letter indeed.

"And now, Bronk," said Caroline, "you may fold up your letter and seal it, and put Beechnut's name on the outside, and then you may come out to play. Eldoranda and I will go out now and get the playthings ready."

So Phonny proceeded to fold and address his letter, while Caroline and Malleville went away. Phonny liked to fold and seal letters, for Beechnut had taught him to do it, and he could do it well.

Caroline and Malleville went out through the hall into the yard, and from the yard they went into the garden. They met Mr. Short there wheeling away weeds in a wheel-barrow. He was a small man, and bowed down by age.

"Uncle Ben," said Caroline, "I have a great mind to go and take a ride this afternoon, with Phonny and Malleville."

"Yes," said Mr. Short, "it is a very pleasant afternoon."

There was a horse in Mr. Keep's barn that Caroline had the privilege of using whenever she wished to take a ride. The horse was very gentle, and Caroline could drive him. He was a large, white horse, and very strong, though he would not go very fast.

"It is a very pleasant afternoon for a ride," said Caroline, "only there are some clouds in the sky. Perhaps there will be a shower."

So saying, Caroline pointed to the west, where there was a gathering of clouds. The clouds were piled up in round masses, white above and dark below.

"Perhaps it will be pleasanter to walk," said Caroline. "I have been riding a great deal lately, and I am rather tired of riding."

"Just as you please," said Mr. Short.

"I wish Phonny was here," said Caroline, "and we would ask him. Why does he not come?"

"I will go and call him," said Malleville.

So saying, Malleville ran off toward the house, leaving Caroline with Mr. Short in the garden.

Malleville went into the office, and on her arrival there she found that Phonny had sealed his letter and addressed it, and was now waiting for the writing to dry. Malleville told him that Caroline wanted to see him in the garden about taking a ride. So Phonny rose from his desk, and leaving his letter there, went out. Malleville remained a moment to look at the letter.

Malleville could not read the writing on the back of the letter, for Beechnut's name being when written out in full, Antoine Bianchette, was very hard to read. The name Boston, too—the place where Beechnut was—was written below, which made the superscription of the letter still more complicated. Malleville looked at it all for a minute or two with a very studious air, and then said,

“I suppose it means Beechnut, and now I will put it on the safe.”

So saying, she took up the letter, carried it to the safe, and deposited it there where Caroline said her father always put his letters, when he had written them. Having done this, Malleville ran off into the garden again, to find Caroline and Phonny.

She found them walking along together, in a pleasant path with apple-trees and pear-trees on either side, some growing by themselves and some trained on trellises. Malleville walked along with them. Presently they came to a little grass plat, with a summer-house beyond it. The summer-house was almost enveloped in shrubbery.

Caroline led the children into the summer-house, and there they all sat down upon a bench

"I wish the apples and pears were ripe," said Caroline, "and then I would give you some."

"Yes," said Malleville, "and you *promised* us an apple."

"True," said Caroline, "but they are not ripe yet. There are plenty of raspberries, however, if you would like some."

Phonny and Malleville both said that they should like some raspberries very much.

So Caroline led them back to where the old gardener was at work.

"Uncle Ben," said she, "I wish you would go into the house and bring me out a little sugar and cream. We are going to have some raspberries."

"And Malleville," continued Caroline, "you may go with him and bring us out a tin mug to put the raspberries in when we are gathering them."

So Malleville and Uncle Ben went away together, and Caroline and Phonny proceeded to another part of the garden, where the raspberry-bushes were. This place was in a remote part of the garden, round beyond a little grove, formed by a nursery of young apple-trees. The place was so secluded that Malleville, when she returned, could not see, at first,

where Caroline and Phonny had gone. So she called them—very loud. Caroline answered, and thus Malleville found out where they were.

Caroline directed the children not to eat any of the raspberries which they gathered, but to put them all into the tin mug. By pursuing this course, the mug began to fill up very fast, for the raspberries were very large, and the bushes were heavily laden with them. At last the mug was full.

“Now,” said Caroline, “we will go to my stone table.”

So saying, she went out from among the rows of raspberry-bushes and entered a broad alley. Phonny and Malleville followed her. Caroline led the way along one alley after another, until at length she came to a sort of corner, where, under a little grove of lilac-bushes, there was a seat, with a large flat stone before it, like a table. The flat stone was supported at a convenient height to serve the purpose of a table, by means of square blocks of stone placed beneath it, one at each end. These stones were more or less irregular in form, being all in the natural state in which they had been found in the pastures, though

the upper surface of the table-stone was very flat, and quite smooth.

The seat at this rustic place of entertainment was of stone, as well as the table. It was a dark, smooth stone, oblong in form, and somewhat convex on the upper side. It made a very good seat,—or at least one sufficient so to answer the purpose intended.

The children as they came up to this table, found that there was a waiter there, with various articles and utensils upon it, all covered neatly with a large napkin, which Mr. Short had spread over them. Caroline took the napkin off. The children found, when the napkin was removed, that there were upon the waiter, a cream-pitcher full of cream, a sugar-bowl full of fine white sugar, three saucers and three spoons.

“Yes, Uncle Ben,” said Caroline, as she surveyed these preparations, “it is all right.”

This address to Uncle Ben, on the part of Caroline, was of the nature of an apostrophe, for Mr. Short was not within hearing at the time. He had brought the waiter, and put it down upon Caroline’s table, and he had then gone back to his work. Caroline immediately began to pour out the raspberries into the saucers, after which, the children covered

them over with sugar, and then poured on the cream. Then they proceeded to eat their fruit very happily together.



THE RASPBERRIES.

The raspberries which the children had gathered were enough for two saucers full apiece for each of the party, and when they were all eaten Caroline rose to go.

“And what are you going to do with these things?” said Phonny.

“Leave them here,” said Caroline. “Up

cle Ben will take care of them. And now I think we will go and take a *walk* instead of a ride."

The children did not answer. They would both have preferred to take a ride, but they did not suppose that it would be polite for them to say so.

"You see," said Caroline, "if we take a ride, we must go along the same old road, where we have all been a thousand times,—but there is a very pretty place to walk through the trees on the bank of the river, where I have never been but once, and I want to go again."

"Well," said Malleville, "I will go and get my excursion-box."

So Malleville returned to the house to get her box. She had left it on the piazza. Phonny got his cap, too, and Caroline her bonnet. They did not go into the office again, and Phonny forgot all about his letter. Of course, if he had thought of it, he would have supposed that it remained safe on the desk where he had left it. He did not know that Malleville had put it in another place.

When they were all ready, Caroline went into the parlor to tell her mother that she was

going to take a walk with Phonny and Malleville, and that she should be back again at supper time. Then bidding her mother good-by, she came out again into the yard, where Phonny and Malleville were waiting for her. Malleville had her excursion-box hanging about her neck by its ribbon.

Caroline led the way back into the garden again, and through the garden to the lower end of it, where there was a small gate. She opened the gate and let Phonny and Malleville pass through, and then entered with them upon a winding path which led down into a wood. What happened during their walk will be made the subject of the next chapter.

In the mean time, about an hour after the children had set out on their walk, Mr. Keep came home. He hung up his hat in its usual place in the passage-way, and then went into his office. He found upon the table several letters which Mr. Short had brought that day from the post-office. He opened and read them, and then went to his desk to answer them. He wrote four answers to his letters,—on four separate sheets of paper. When these letters were all written, Mr. Keep folded

and sealed them, and put stamps upon them, and then went to put them on the safe to be ready for Mr. Short to carry to the post-office.

As he laid his letters on the safe, he observed the one which Malleville had put there, and taking it up he looked at the superscription.

"Ah," said he, "this looks like Phonny's work. He has been here this afternoon, I suppose, and has been writing to Antoine."

So Mr. Keep went back to the table and brought another stamp, and put it on the corner of Phonny's letter.

About half an hour after this, Mr. Short came into the room, and taking up the letters that were lying on the safe, he carried them all to the post-office.

CHAPTER III.

THE WALK.

WHEN Caroline and the two children passed out from the garden through the little gate to commence their walk, Malleville ran on before the rest down the path. This path led into a thicket and thence down into a wooden dell, at the bottom of which Malleville thought she saw a brook and a little waterfall. So she ran forward to view the waterfall. Phonny ran after her; Caroline followed more slowly. She had seen the place a great many times.

When Malleville reached the bottom of the descent, she found quite a brook running across the path, with a broad plank placed over it on one side, for a bridge. Above the bridge was the waterfall. The water fell about three feet down the face of a rock, between two banks of beautiful green moss.

Malleville stood upon the plank a few minutes to look at the waterfall. When Car

oline came to the spot Malleville said to her,

"What makes the water run here so all the time?"

"Why there is a brook," said Caroline, "that comes down here from the hills."

"And where does it come from?" asked Malleville.

"It comes out of the sky, I suppose," said Caroline.

Caroline meant that the *water* came from the sky.

Malleville stood still a moment and pictured in her imagination a small stream like that from the nose of a pump, coming down out of the sky on the top of a hill to form the beginning of the brook.

At length she turned round upon the plank and looked down the stream.

"And where does the water go to?" said she.

"Why this brook," said Caroline, "runs down into the mill-pond. This path will bring us to the shore of the mill-pond in a little while."

So Caroline walked on, Malleville and Phonyy accompanying her. The path as

cended beyond the brook, winding along in a very pleasant manner among rocks and trees.

At length after walking along for some little distance, Malleville saw something before her in the path which looked like a wild animal.

"Why Phonny," exclaimed Caroline, "look there. What is that?"

"A fox! a fox!" cried Phonny, very much excited. "Hush! Caroline! see! there's a fox!"

"No, it is not," he added immediately afterward in a disappointed tone. "It is nothing but a dog."

The dog looked up a moment at the party of strangers which he saw coming toward him—standing still while he did so, in the middle of the path—and then turned and ran away. The children followed him. The dog soon came to a fence, and creeping under the fence, came out into a road.

"Why here is a road," said Malleville.

"Yes," said Caroline, "we are going along that road a little way, and then we are going off into the woods again."

The road led along the bank of what seemed to be a river. Caroline said, however, that it was not a river, but a mill-pond. The

water was very smooth and still, and appeared to be very deep. The shores on the opposite side of the pond were formed of precipices of rock and of wild and solitary forests, and there were one or two small islands in view which appeared like thick masses of tangled trees and shrubbery growing out of the water.

"What a pretty mill-pond," said Malleville.

"Yes," said Caroline, "and after we go on by this road a little farther, we shall find a path that leads along the shore in a very pleasant place indeed."

The road which the children were walking in, passed at this point very near the water. There was only a small bank and a narrow beach between.

The dog ran along before the children in the road a short distance, and then went down the bank to the beach, and there looked off upon the water, in a very earnest manner. Presently he began to whine, and then he barked. A moment afterward the children heard the sound of a shrill whistle coming from behind the nearest island. Next they heard voices in that direction, and soon after

ward a boat appeared with three boys in it. One of the boys began to call to the dog.

The dog ran this way and that, stopping occasionally to look earnestly out upon the water, and whining all the time, as if very anxious to get to the boat.

"I suppose that is Rodolphus in that boat," said Malleville.

"No," said Phonny, "Rodolphus is not there."

The children remained standing upon the bank a few minutes, looking sometimes at the dog upon the shore before them, and sometimes at the boat and the boys on the water, to see what the boys would do. The boat gradually approached the shore. When they came near, the boys called to the dog continually, endeavoring to induce him to swim out to them through the water. But the dog was not a water dog, and did not dare to come.

At last the boat touched the land. Then one of the boys jumped out upon the beach, and taking up the dog under his arm, he stepped back into the boat again. The dog was of a light brown color, and he had a long bushy tail, so that it is not at all surprising that Phonny at first mistook him for a fox.

As soon as the boys had got the dog in the boat, they rowed away from the shore again and then Caroline said,

"Come! Now we will go on."

So the party walked along the road together. In a short time the road turned off from the shore, and then Caroline led the way to a place where one or two stones had been taken out from the top of the stone wall, so as to make it easy to get over.

"Here is where we are to go," said she.

So she climbed over the wall, and then helped Malleville and Phonny over. Beyond the wall there was a path. It led through and among tangled thickets of bushes and trees, but still, as the path itself, though very tortuous, was continuous and unimpeded, the children got along in it very well. The land, so far as they could see through the woods and thickets, rose very steep on the right, while it descended on the left, toward the mill-pond. In fact, the children could often see the surface of the water in that direction, through the openings of the trees.

The hill on the right hand appeared to grow steeper and steeper, as the children went on, until finally it became a mass of rocks and

precipices, shaded and overhung everywhere with dense thickets of evergreen trees. The path came out too, nearer the shore of the pond, so that for some distance, the children, as they walked along, had an unobstructed view of the water. They saw the boat with the boys in it, coasting along the rocky shore, beneath them. The dog was standing in the bow of the boat, with his feet upon one of the thwarts, and looking eagerly about in every direction, as if enjoying the scenery.

"I wish we were in that boat," said Phonny.

"Oh no," said Malleville, "I should not dare to go in it."

The boat, though it was going in the same direction with the children, soon disappeared behind a point of land which projected into the pond at a short distance before them. Caroline and her party accordingly went on. They found the path more and more picturesque and romantic as they proceeded. There were great precipices here and there, with beautiful flowers growing in the interstices of the rocks, and tall firs and pines overhanging them from above. At intervals too, there were deep glens and ravines extending back

among the precipices, in each of which a little rill of water came gurgling down among the moss and the roots at the bottom of the dell. There were a great many rocks lying here and there, and shelving projections from the precipices, formed with broken stratifications at the sides of them, by means of which it was easy to climb up, and with flat surfaces at the top, where it was easy to stand. The children ascended a great many of these elevations, partly for the sake of the new views which they thus obtained of the surrounding scenery and partly because it was a pleasure in itself to be up so high.

All this scenery seemed to the children extremely grand and sublime, much more so even than it would have appeared to grown persons, if grown persons had been there. For as we necessarily and instinctively compare the magnitude of objects around us with our own size, it follows that a tree or a rock that is fifty feet high, appears to a child who is three feet high, as tall and large as one of a hundred feet would to a man of six. So a shelving-rock as high as a man's head, appears to a *man* who passes by it as nothing extraordinary. It is only a leaning wall,—one

which he looks *down* upon. The child, on the other hand, creeps under it, and looks *up* with a species of awe to what is to him a dangerous precipice. In the same manner, if there were such a being as a giant as tall as a mountain, the mountain would, of course, appear to him only as a little hillock as high as his head.

Thus it happened that in this walk, the trees, and rocks, and precipices, and glens, imposing as they would have appeared to any one, presented to the children, and especially to Malleville, an aspect in the highest degree grand and sublime.

In many places the path passed through beds of fern or of tall grass, which brushed the dresses of the children as they passed along, but this did no harm, as the grass and herbage were all perfectly dry. When going through some of these places, Caroline said that it would be very pleasant to come and take that walk some morning at sunrise, if it were not for the dew.

"It would not be possible for us to come along here," she said, "in the morning, or after a shower. Malleville would get wet through, up to her shoulders."

This was really true, for the ferns in one

place which she had to go through, were so high that the topmost fronds brushed Malleville's shoulders as she walked along between them,—so rank and tall had they grown. Of course, these ferns appeared as tall to Malleville as they would have seemed to a man if they had been as high as corn in a corn-field.

There were some spots of low ground, too, in many places which the children had to pass. It was evident that these were places where water would usually stand in wet weather and after rains, but they were all pretty dry now, and the children got over them without any difficulty.

At last the children arrived at a sort of cart-path which came down through the woods in a little valley, and led to the shore of a pond at a place where there appeared to be a sort of landing. There was a cove here, that is a little indentation in the shore forming a bay. Some logs, such as are cut in the woods to be sawn into boards, were floating in the cove. The children crossed this cart-path, and as cending a little beyond it, they came to a place among the rocks where there was a smooth wall on one side and an overhanging precipice behind, which formed a sort of roof.

Malleville immediately ran to this place, saying that it was a house. There were some flat stones on the ground under the overhanging rock. Malleville sat down upon one of them, and Caroline and Phonny following her to the place, sat down too.

"There is the boat again," said Malleville, pointing out upon the water. "They are coming in toward the shore."

Caroline and Phonny both looked in the direction that Malleville indicated, and there they saw the boat coming rapidly toward the shore. The boat was pointed toward the little landing where the cart path terminated on the shore of the water.

"I wonder what they are going to do?" said Phonny.

"We will see," said Caroline.

When the boat came to the shore the boys stepped out upon the sand. The dog jumped out too. The boys, as soon as they saw Caroline and her party sitting under the rocks, paused a moment and looked toward them, saying something to themselves which the children could not hear. A moment afterward they turned to the boat again and began to draw it up upon the sand.

Phonny and Malleville were much interested in watching the operation by which the boys drew the boat out of the water. One of them took the rope which was fastened to the bows of the boat, and passing it over his shoulder he walked forward, tugging away with all his might. The other boys stood at the sides of the boat, and taking hold of the cleats within, which passed along just under the gunwale, *lifted* and *carried*, and thus they moved the boat along.

When they had got it well up out of the water they all three took hold of the side of the boat and turned it over. The boat was light and the work of turning it over seemed to be very easily performed. When the boat was thus turned upside down, one of the boys tied the *painter*, that is the rope fastened at the bows of the boat, to a stake which was driven into the ground near by.

The boys went through all these operations in a hurried manner as if they were eager to get away, and as soon as the boat was secured in the mode above described, they all set off walking very rapidly up the cart path into the woods. The dog ran on before them. One of the boys turned toward Caroline and

her party as he went along, and after hesitating a moment he called out to them saying,

"If you don't look out you will get a wetting."



THE REFUGE.

He then went on and in a moment more they all disappeared.

"What does he mean?" said Phonny.

"I am sure I don't know," said Caroline.

"Perhaps he means that it is going to rain," suggested Malleville.

Caroline looked up to the sky. It happened, however, that at the place where the children were sitting, but a very small part of the sky could be seen. The part which was visible was toward the east, which was the direction in which the faces of the children were turned as they sat in their grotto. The west was behind them and the whole sky in that direction was concealed by the rocks and precipices, and by the lofty firs and pines which overhung the place where the children were sitting.

There were no clouds to be seen in that part of the sky which was open to their view. Caroline, however, stepped out from under the rocks and looked upward into the zenith. She saw a fringe of dark and angry-looking clouds slowly advancing from the western part of the sky.

"I am afraid there is going to be a shower," said she.

"Never mind," said Phonny, "if there should be, we have a good house to stay in until it is over."

"Yes," said Malleville.

Just then there was heard a long, low, rumbling sound as of distant thunder.

"It thunders," said Malleville, much alarmed. "There is going to be a thunder-hower I verily believe. Let us run home as fast as we can."

"No," said Caroline, "we should not have time to get home; it is more than a mile. We must stay here till the shower is over."

So saying she held out her hand and felt some drops fall upon it.

"It is beginning now," said she.

She had scarcely spoken these words before they all heard a sudden pattering of drops upon the trees of the forest above and around them, and immediately afterward a gust of wind began to blow, exhibiting its effects, first in the sudden waving of the branches of the trees all about the place where the children were sitting, and then by the ruffling and darkening of the surface of the pond, as the breezes, coming down from the hills, went scudding over the water.

"There is going to be a shower," said Caroline, "I truly believe. But we have got a good shelter, and we will stay in it till it is over."

"And what shall we do then?" said Malleville. "It will be so wet everywhere that we can not get home."

“I don’t know what we shall do,” said Caroline, “we will see.”

In the mean time the rain fell faster and faster, and the distant peals of thunder became more frequent. At length a flash of lightning was seen, and soon afterward a loud crash was heard in the sky, at a little distance behind where the children were sitting. Phony said that he expected it struck something.

“Well,” said Caroline, “if it did, it can’t strike us very well, under all these rocks, that is a comfort.”

The lightning came much nearer to striking them, however, than they had imagined that it would. For only a few minutes after Caroline had spoken, an enormous pine, which grew on the summit of the precipice, only a very little distance from the place where the children had sought refuge, became the mark which the thunderbolt chose for its aim in coming from the clouds to the ground. The tree was split through at the trunk, near the ground, and the top fell over the precipice to the shore below. It came down very near to the place where the children were sitting. The crash with which it fell would have been

dreadful, had it not been that the sound of it was drowned by the loud rattling of the thunder, which continued to roll and reverberate in every part of the sky, long after the tree was still.

The children were all very much frightened at this catastrophe. Malleville and Phonny screamed aloud with terror, and were going to jump up and run away from their shelter, though the rain, which had been descending in torrents for some time, now poured down faster than ever.

"Sit still," said Caroline, "this is the safest place for us."

"No," said Malleville, all excited and trembling, "let us go away from here. The lightning will strike us if we stay here."

"No, it won't," said Caroline. "Sit still, the lightning can not strike through all these rocks."

"Well, then, the trees will fall down upon our heads," said Malleville.

"Not if we stay here," said Caroline. "They may if we go out. It is better to stay here."

Phonny and Malleville submitted to this decision, though it was with fear and trem-

bling. Caroline talked with them continually, to amuse their minds and to allay their fears. She soon told them that the violence of the storm was passed, and this proved really to be the case; for the cloud from which the thunder and lightning, and the wind and rain, proceeded, was now passing away toward the eastward, over the water of the pond. In a short time, the rain fell in such quantities from the clouds over the pond that the opposite shores were wholly hidden. At this period, too, the great cloud itself, in all its blackness and terror, was fully exhibited to their view, as it lay expanding itself over the whole eastern sky. The children could see also chains of forked lightning darting to and fro upon the face of the cloud, from time to time, each one followed at brief intervals, with a rolling peal of thunder.

"The shower is passing away," said Caroline.

"No," said Malleville, "I think the lightning is growing brighter and brighter."

"That is only because we can see the cloud plainer now," said Caroline. "It does not rain so fast, and the thunder does not sound so loud. Besides it begins to look brighter over our heads."

Phonny and Malleville reached their heads out from under the shelter of the rocks as far as they dared, to see the sky ; but the drops came down so fast from the leaves of the trees above them, that they could not see. So they came back again into their retreat.

"But I don't see how we are to get home," said Phonny, despondingly.

"Nor I," said Caroline.

"Perhaps somebody will come after us," said Phonny.

"Nobody knows where we are," said Caroline.

"We can't walk home the way we came," said Phonny, "the grass and bushes will be so wet."

"That is true," said Caroline.

"And besides," continued Phonny, "there will be ever so many pools of water in all the low places, and Malleville can never get over them."

"I know it," said Caroline, "and I am sure I don't know what we shall do."

"I suppose that that cart-path might be more open,—where the boys went,"—said Phonny, after a little reflection. "Perhaps we could get along in that."

"We don't know," said Caroline. "It might be, and it might not be. Besides, we don't know where it goes to. It might take us farther away from home than we are now."

"Let's go in the boat!" said Phonny, in a joyful tone, as if struck with a sudden and happy thought.

"Well," said Caroline; "that's a plan."

"If we can only get it turned over," said Phonny. "I don't see what they turned it bottom upward for."

"That was to keep it from getting full of water, I suppose," said Caroline, "in the shower. It is better for us that they did,—that is, provided we can get it back again, for now it is all dry inside."

"Let us go down and try," said Phonny.

"Not yet," said Caroline. "It has not yet done raining."

Drops were indeed still falling, though many of them, as Phonny said, came from the leaves of the trees. Still the rain had not yet wholly ceased. The sky, however, began to look very bright overhead, and soon a broad and beautiful rainbow began to appear on the clouds that lay in the eastern sky. Not

long after this the sun broke forth, and the rain was obviously over. The children then all came out of their retreat, following Caroline, who took the lead of them, and stepping carefully on stones to avoid the wet grass, they went down toward the boat.

CHAPTER IV.

A VOYAGE.

THE whole party, through the judgment and skill which Caroline exercised in choosing the way, succeeded in reaching the boat without getting wet. When they arrived at the spot, however, they stood by the side of the boat and looked down upon it with something of a despairing air. It looked very heavy.

"We never can lift it in the world," said Caroline.

"Let us try," said Phonny.

So they all took hold of the side of the boat, stooping down low for this purpose. At the word of command from Caroline, they all began to lift. The boat moved a little in its place, but did not rise in the least from the sand.

"No," said Caroline.

"Let us try once more," said Phonny.

So they tried again, but their efforts were as fruitless as before.

"No," said Phonny, "we can't lift it; and, besides, it would not do any good if we could turn it over, for we can not go home in it."

"No," said Caroline, "but we can get out of this wilderness in it. The mill-pond goes to the mill, and if we can get there, we can get home by the road."

"Yes," said Phonny, "so we could. I wish the boat was not so heavy,"

"Could not we *pry* it over?" said Caroline.

"Yes," said Phonny, "if we only had a pry."

As Phonny said this, Caroline put her hand under the boat at the end, and took hold of the handle of an oar. She pulled the oar out. saying,

"This oar will do for a pry."

Caroline presently pulled out another oar. The children immediately began to use these oars for pries. Phonny took one, and Caroline the other. They had considerable difficulty at first in getting the oars under the edge of the boat, in such a way as to get them, as Phonny expressed it, "to take a hold." They, however, at length succeeded, and the side of the boat began slowly to rise.

As fast as they got the edge of the boat up, Malleville would keep it up by putting stones under.

By patient perseverance in this course—both Phonny and Caroline stopping occasionally in their prying to help Malleville in the blocking up,—the children succeeded at length in raising the edge of the boat that was farthest from the water, nearly a foot from the ground.

“Now,” said Phonny, “I believe we can heave it over with our hands.”

So they all took hold again with their hands. They succeeded in lifting it, and by one vigorous effort they raised it up so high that it rolled over and came right side up, all ready to be lunched into the water.

The lanching was not very difficult, for the boat, in the process of being turned over, was rolled out so far that, about half the length of it was already in the water. Phonny untied the painter, and they all took hold of the bow of the boat and pushed it into the cove. There was a log upon the shore near by, which formed a sort of wharf or pier, from which the passengers for this intended voyage could embark. Phonny drew up the boat

along side of this log, and Malleville and Caroline, walking out upon it a little way, at length safely stepped on board.

"Now," said Phonny, "I'll push off."

"Not yet," said Caroline. "Let us see how we had better sit."

After some debate, it was concluded that as there were two oars and a paddle belonging to the boat, it would be best for Malleville and Phonny to row, and for Caroline to paddle and steer. There is a great difference between a paddle and an oar, both in form and in the manner of using them. A paddle is short, and the blade is broad, and it is generally used by a person sitting in the stern of the boat, and looking the way the boat is going. An oar, on the other hand, is long. It rests, when employed in rowing, upon the side of the boat, in what is called the row lock, or between the thole pins, and the person who rows with it sits with his back to the bow or forward part of the boat, so that he has to turn partly round and look over his shoulder when he wishes to see where he is going. When, however, there is a person to sit in the stern to steer, it is not necessary for the oarsman to look round in this manner, for the helmsman

at the stern with the paddle, keeps a good lookout ahead, and steers the boat where it ought to go.

There is a great difference, too, between oars and paddles in respect to the circumstances in which they can be most conveniently employed. A boat can be propelled faster with oars than with paddles, though as the former extend laterally so far, they require a considerable breadth of water in order to be advantageously used. For narrow and tortuous channels, paddles are much the most convenient. Indians use paddles, therefore, on rivers and small streams, while the boats of great merchant ships and men-of-war in broad harbors or at sea are always propelled by oars.

Both Caroline and Phonny had often been in boats before, though they had had but very little experience in the practical management of them. Malleville, of course, knew nothing at all on the subject. She took her seat where Caroline directed her, and put her hands upon the handle of the oar, and when Phonny, who had also taken his place upon one of the thwarts with an oar in his hands, began to row, she attempted to imitate his motions but



SETTING OFF.

she was very unsuccessful in these attempts. The blade of her oar would always go up in the air, when she attempted to put it down into the water, and when it was down in the water it *would* stay in, notwithstanding all her efforts to get it out. In fine, it soon appeared that Malleville's oar only impeded the motion of the boat, and so Caroline directed her to take it in. Malleville was very unwilling to do this, but she finally consented; and so

Phonny took in her oar and laid it down into the bottom of the boat.

Of course, a boat propelled by one oar and one paddle must make very slow and very uncertain progress, and Caroline soon began to feel much discouraged. She said she did not believe that they should ever be able to get to the mill. In fact, in getting out from the cove and away from the shore, the boat seemed determined to go round and round, without going forward at all. Very soon, however, both Phonny and Caroline learned better how to manage their respective implements, and they soon began to move along in quite a scientific manner.

"We had better keep pretty near the shore," said Caroline, "all the way."

"Yes," said Phonny, "I think so too."

"Where the water is not very deep," said Caroline.

"Yes," said Phonny.

"It is pretty deep here," said Malleville. So saying, Malleville leaned over the gunwale of the boat, where her oar had rested while she had been rowing, and looked down into the water.

"I can see a great rock on the bottom," said

she ;—"and now it is all sand—and there is a fish,—he is running away,—now he is out of sight."

"That's right," said Phonny, "keep a good lookout down in the water, and let us know what you see."

Malleville expressed her willingness to comply with this request, and was proceeding to describe to Phonny what she saw upon the bottom of the pond, when she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of great astonishment :

"Oh Phonny! here is a great snake on the bottom, all twisting and curling."

"Where?" said Phonny, eagerly, "let me see." So Phonny stopped rowing, and looked over Malleville's side of the boat, to the place where Malleville pointed.

"See!" said Malleville, "see there."

"Nonsense," said Phonny, "it is nothing but an old root." By this time the boat had got by the place, so Phonny resumed his position, and went on with his rowing.

"No, Phonny," said Malleville, "it could not be a root, for I saw it twisting and squirming."

The waving motion which Malleville had

observed was only an apparent motion, produced by the rippling of the water.

Phonny insisted that it was a root, and spoke, moreover, so contemptuously of the idea that it could be any thing else, that Malleville was offended, and would not tell him of any thing more that she saw.

The mill-pond on which our party were making their slow and toilsome voyage, was quite large, being more than a mile long and in many places from half to three fourths of a mile wide. The cove where the children had embarked was very nearly a mile from the mill. After going along in the manner we have described for about one third of this distance, the boat came opposite to one of the islands which have already been spoken of. By this time both Phonny and Caroline had become somewhat tired of their work. The shore of the little island looked very inviting, and the idea suddenly occurred to Caroline that it might be a good plan to land there, as they went by, and take a little rest.

So she drew her paddle in, and laying it down by her side in the boat, she took out her watch. It was a very beautiful little watch, in gold and enamel.

"Half-past five o'clock," said she. "We shall not get home in time for supper. Malleville, have not you got something for us to eat in your box?"

Yes," said Malleville, "I have got two turnovers. There is just one for you and one for Phonny and I."

On hearing this Caroline at once decided to land upon the island and have supper. She accordingly with her paddle turned the head of the boat toward the shore and soon run it upon the strand.

The two children got out first, and then Caroline followed. She called upon Phonny to tie the painter in the most secure manner possible, since it would be an awful thing for the boat to float away and leave them on that uninhabited island. When Phonny had fastened the boat according to Caroline's directions, she led her party up on the shore, and found a seat for them upon some smooth stones which were lying there. They could not go upon the grass, for the grass was everywhere wet from the effects of the shower.

The sun shone in upon them where they sat, from among a magnificent group of golden clouds that were now floating in the western

sky. The sun was still quite high, though it was drawing toward the horizon. The evening was delightful. The grass and the trees were everywhere glittering with the drops of rain which hung upon them, and the surface of the water was resplendent with the reflected magnificence of the sky.

But besides the beauty of the evening, and of the scenery, the children enjoyed another very prolific source of pleasure, while they were eating their supper, in the lively and amusing conversation with which Caroline entertained them all the time. She was perfectly grave and sober herself in all that she said but she made Malleville and Phonny laugh continually by the drollery of her remarks, and the singularity and oddity of her imaginings. At one time she would pretend that they were shipwrecked mariners, cast away upon a desolate island. *She* was the captain of the vessel, and Phonny and Malleville her sailors—while the boat represented their ship, driven up by the storm high and dry upon the shore. At another time she herself was Robinson Crusoe, on the island of Juan Fernandez, Phonny being her man Friday, and Malleville the goat; and while acting in this

capacity she sent Phonny at one time to set up an oar upon the beach, with a handkerchief tied to the end of the blade of it, as a signal, she said, for any ship that might chance to pass near their island to come and rescue them. Phonny made the oar stand upright, in using it thus for a flagstaff, by placing stones around it at the foot. The handkerchief which was to serve for the flag, was tied to the blade of the oar, before the oar was raised, and as there was a gentle wind at the time, it spread itself out and fluttered in the breeze as soon as Phonny had elevated it, as if it had been a veritable signal.

At length, after spending about half an hour upon the island, Caroline said that it was time for them to reembark and proceed on their voyage. So she directed Phonny to go and take



THE SIGNAL

down the oar. Phonny proceeded to do so, when suddenly Malleville pointed to something at a distance on the water and said,

"See, Caroline, there is a ship coming."

Caroline looked in the direction which Malleville indicated, and to her surprise she saw what appeared to be a small sail-boat coming toward them.

"Phonny, what is that?" said she.

"Hi—yo!" said Phonny, "there comes a sail-boat."

The three voyagers stood for a few minutes gazing in silence at the unexpected sight. The boat appeared to be a small one, and the sail was of a very simple construction. It advanced rapidly, however, as there was a very pleasant evening breeze, and it seemed to be coming directly toward the island.

"I wonder who it can be," said Caroline.

"I expect it is some men from the mill," said Phonny. "That is the kind of boat they have at the mill."

Phonny was right in his conjecture. The boat was what is called a canoe, such as the mill-men used in working about the booms and dam. It was not originally designed to carry a sail, but the men had rigged a sort of

sail to it, and having rowed to the upper end of the pond, upon some of their business, before the shower, they were now returning, and as the wind was favorable they had hoisted their sail. They had observed the Robinson Crusoe signal which Phonny had raised, and were now coming to the island to see who were there. They came up pretty near the place where the children were standing on the beach, and then took in their sail, which, as it was small and light, could be furled in a moment.

"Are you in any difficulty?" said one of the men.

"Yes," said Caroline. "We got caught out in the shower, and we are trying to get to the mill in our boat."

Here the men talked with each other a minute or two in an under-tone. They spoke so low that the children could not hear what they said. At last one of the men turned his face toward the party on the shore again and said,

"Well, get on board your boat and give us the painter, and we'll take you in tow."

Caroline did not know precisely what was meant by taking in tow, though Phonny un

derstood the phraseology sufficiently well to know what he was to do. He took down the flag and put the oar on board. He unfastened the painter, and held the bow of the boat while Caroline and Malleville got in. He then pushed the boat off from the shore and leaped in himself, as soon as he had set it in motion. In the mean time, Caroline had resumed her seat in the stern, and had taken up the paddle.

“Now send her ahead,” said Phonny, “right toward the other boat.”

So Caroline paddled as well as she could, and succeeded in propelling her boat slowly in the direction of the sail-boat. As soon as Phonny could reach, he gave the end of the painter to one of the men in the sail-boat, and the man fastened it there in some way or other. His comrades then hoisted the sail, and thus the wind carried both boats on together.

Caroline and her party had a delightful sail. They had nothing to do now but to sit upon the seats and enjoy the gentle motion of the boat as it glided smoothly and noiselessly through the water. The men in the sail-boat turned around occasionally to look at them, and sometimes asked them questions

in respect to their being caught out in the shower. Excepting this, the parties in both boats sailed along in silence most of the way. Caroline and the children in fact began to feel somewhat tired, for they had been out now a long time, and had passed through such a variety of excitements that they seemed glad of a little rest.

At length they came in sight of the village, and of the mill standing at the border of it, near the stream. The men seemed to be steering the sail-boat directly toward the mill. The breeze was fresh, and the boats glided along very rapidly through the water, and at length began to draw quite near. Caroline was looking out toward the shore, wondering where the men were going to land, when suddenly one of the men who was seated in the stern of the sail-boat, untied the painter of the children's boat and cast it off into the water, saying, at the same time,

"There is your painter. Now you must take care of yourselves."

As he said this, he put down his helm and the sail-boat swept round in a grand circle toward the other side of the pond, leaving Caroline and her party in their boat to drift

wherever the current might carry them. There was not much current, it is true, though there was a gentle motion apparent on the surface of the water, tending toward the dam.

"Take care," said Phonny, "we shall be carried over the dam."

"No," said Caroline, "the water is not deep enough on the dam to carry us over, even if we go down to it."

However, notwithstanding this assurance, Caroline did not seem inclined to run the risk of being carried over the dam, for she directed Phonny to put out his oar and row, while she plied her paddle very vigorously. Phonny in his trepidation, began first to row the wrong way, and then Malleville took hold to help him, which only hindered him, so the boat went more than half round before the young navigators could get command of its motions. At length, however, they succeeded, and gradually propelled it to the shore.

There was a little landing by the mill, at a place near the flume, where the water went in through a grating to turn the great water wheel. Caroline directed the boat to this landing. When it touched the sand, Phonny

got out and held the boat by the bow until the other voyagers had disembarked. They then secured the boat by tying the painter to a post which had been set in the ground there, expressly for such uses.

There was a path leading from this landing to a door in the lower part of the mill. As soon as the boat was fastened, Caroline led the way along this path, saying, as she went,

“Now children, be very careful, and not step where there is any wet grass.”

Caroline opened the door, and went into the mill. The others followed her, and then she looked down at her shoes, and also at those of Malleville and Phonny, to see if they were wet. The shoes and dresses of all three, appeared as nice and as dry as when they first left home.

“Now,” said Caroline, “let us go up stairs, and see if we can find Rodolphus.”

So Caroline led the way to the back part of the room, where there was a broad flight of stairs leading to an apartment above. There was a great rumbling noise of wheels and machinery in the mill, and Malleville was a little afraid; but she went boldly on, taking hold, all the time, of Phonny’s hand, and keep

ing, as near as possible, to Caroline. At the head of the stairs was a door. They opened the door and came out into the main room of the mill, where all the grinding was going on.

They found Rodolphus here, busy in pouring some corn into a great hopper. Caroline went to him and told him how they had been caught in the shower. She was obliged to talk very loud, to make Rodolphus hear, on account of the noise which was made by the machinery. She concluded by asking Rodolphus if he knew of any body there, that they could send home, to tell Uncle Ben where they were, and to ask him to come for them in a wagon.

"There is a man here with a wagon," said Rodolphus, "and he will lend it to me to carry you home, while his grist is grinding."

"But who will tend the grinding then?" said Phonny.

"Oh, he will tend it himself," said Rodolphus.

So Rodolphus went and spoke to the man, and in a few minutes returned, and reported that the man said they might have his wagon and welcome.

"And I will go and drive you," said Rodolphus.

So Rodolphus went into a little room in a corner of the mill, and took off his miller's frock and put on his jacket. Then he went out and got the wagon, and brought it up to the door. He helped the children in, and then got in himself, taking his seat on a small box, which was in the front part of the wagon. When all was thus ready, he drove off through the village.

In the mean time, at Mr. Keep's house, when the great shower came on, and Mrs. Keep found that Caroline and the children did not return, she felt a great deal of solicitude about them. She went into her husband's office, where Mr. Keep was busy writing, to speak to him about it.

"Husband," said she, "I am afraid the children have got into some difficulty."

"Yes," said Mr. Keep, "I presume they have."

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Keep.

"I don't know that there is any thing that we can do," replied Mr. Keep. "They will come home by-and-by, all drenched with the rain, that's all. There is no other way, with

such a girl as Caroline, but to let her learn by her own experience."

"But I am afraid that they have got into some serious trouble," said Mrs. Keep. "Would it not be best to send for them?"

"I don't know where we could send," said Mr. Keep. "We can't tell where they have gone. If you think it best, however, I will go and see if I can find any thing of them. But I presume that they have run in somewhere out of the rain, and will come home by-and-by, safe enough, only they will, undoubtedly, be muddy and wet from head to foot."

Mrs. Keep was satisfied that it would do no good to send for the children, but she felt quite uneasy nevertheless, and went continually to the door, to see if they were coming. She was, at last, greatly relieved, at seeing Rodolphus drive up with them in the wagon, and at finding that they were as dry and as clean, as if there had been no shower at all.

CHAPTER V.

BEECHNUT'S RETURN.

ON the morning of the third day after Phonny wrote his composition-letter describing the imaginary fire, which was sent to the post-office by mistake, Beechnut on looking out from his window at the hotel where he was lodging in the city, saw that it was raining fast. The first gong had already sounded. In half an hour the gong would sound again, he knew, for breakfast. He dressed himself, thinking, while thus employed, about the business which he had still to do in the city, and considering whether the rain would prevent his finishing it, and setting out for home the next day, as he had intended to do. He came to the conclusion that he might perhaps get through with his business notwithstanding the storm.

Immediately after breakfast he took his umbrella and went out into the street, intending, first of all, according to his usual custom,

to go to the post-office. His hotel was at some distance from the post-office. As he came out upon the sidewalk from the door of the hotel, he said to himself, thinking,

“Let me see,—shall I *walk* to the post-office or take an omnibus? Let me calculate a little. My board at the hotel is two dollars a day. My time in Franconia is worth to Mrs. Henry say one dollar more. So that every day that I stay in Boston, costs her three dollars. Now how many business hours in a day are there here? I will call it six. Thus every day that I stay here my time costs Mrs. Henry fifty cents an hour. The price of a ride is six cents, the eighth part of half a dollar. Therefore I had better ride whenever I can save an eighth part of an hour by it: and that I can do now.”

So saying, Beechnut held up his finger to the driver of an omnibus which just then came passing by. The driver reined up his horses, and Beechnut got in.

An omnibus is a long carriage with a door and steps leading to it behind. The seats within are along the sides. There are windows too along the sides, but no doors.

When Beechnut got into the omnibus he

found that it was full of passengers, all excepting one seat near the door, and that seat was occupied by a small boy who was kneeling up upon it, in order that he might look out the window. It was a warm morning, though ainy, and the window was open, the wind being on the other side.

Omnibuses in cities are almost always full in rainy weather, since many people who like to walk when it is pleasant, are very glad to ride when it rains. This is particularly true in New York, where in rainy weather it is sometimes almost impossible to get a place in an omnibus, or as they often call it there, a 'bus. One day when Beechnut and Phonny were in New York together, and were coming up Broadway in an omnibus, both being jammed up, in very close quarters in it, in one corner, Beechnut amused Phonny by describing the state of things thus :

On every wet and rainy day,
They crowd the 'busses in Broadway,
 Against all rule;
And sometimes when 'tis very showery,
Even the rail cars in the Bowery,
 Get more than full.

Phonny had been very impatient and fret

ful under the pressure which he endured, but after hearing Beechnut's poetry he became much more good-natured about it.

But to return to the story. A woman who sat next to the boy who was kneeling upon the seat, and who seemed to have the care of him, took hold of him to take him down, in order to make room for Beechnut when she saw him coming in. But Beechnut prevented her.

"Let him stay," said he. "He likes to look out the window, and I shall have room."

So Beechnut crowded into the place that was left, between the boy and the end of the seat near the door, leaving the boy kneeling where he was, on the seat.

The omnibus stopped from time to time, as it passed along the street, and various people got out. At last it reached the street which led down to the post-office. Beechnut pulled the string. The omnibus stopped. The woman took the child down from the seat, and prepared to get out of the omnibus. Beechnut stepped down first, and spread his umbrella. Then he helped the boy down, and afterward the woman. He held his umbrella over them until they reached the sidewalk,

for the omnibus had stopped in the middle of the street. The woman was young, and she had a very pleasant countenance, but she was very plainly dressed. She thanked Beechnut for his kindness, and then spread her own umbrella over herself and her boy, and Beechnut walked away.

Beechnut went down a broad and straight street, lined on both sides with magnificent buildings, and leading toward the water. He could see the masts of the ships and other vessels that were lying at the wharves, at the lower end of the street. After passing several granite blocks, consisting of buildings occupied by banks and insurance offices, he came at length to a great door through which a multitude of people were going and coming. Beechnut went in. He found himself in a long and wide passage-way, crowded with people. A great many were going in. A great many others were coming out. Those that were coming out, generally had newspapers or letters in their hands. The floor of the building was of stone, and it was extremely wet, being drenched with the drippings of innumerable umbrellas.

Beechnut went on and at length came to a

place where the passage-way widened, and where there was a large iron stairway leading to apartments above. Beyond this stairway he passed by a long range of sashes with glass in them like windows,—and on the inside of the sashes, in a room within, were a great many little boxes or pigeon-holes, filled with letters. These were the boxes of the merchants and other residents of Boston—the plan being to put the letters of each merchant, when the mails came in, into his box, and then he could tell by looking through the window, from the passage-way, when there were any letters for him. Beechnut, of course, had no box, and so he went on to another place to get his letters.

He came at length to a place beyond the boxes, where there were three small niches or recesses, with a window in each of them. Over the first of these recesses, were painted several letters of the alphabet, namely, those from A to F. The meaning of this was, that all persons whose names began with those letters, were to inquire at that window, while those whose names began with any other letters, were to go to the next window. As Beechnut's name, Bianchinette, began with B, he went to the first recess.

There were a number of men and boys formed in a line, here, or rather in a column, waiting for their turns to inquire for letters. The one who was at the head of this column was at the window. Beechnut took his place at the foot of it. The man at the head of the column soon got his letter, and went away. Then the next man went up to the window, and the whole column advanced one step. Thus as fast as those at the head of the column received their letters, the column advanced, while at the same time, new-comers were continually joining in at the foot of it. Thus the column continued always of nearly the same length, being kept up by a constant succession of persons going and coming.

Pretty soon, Beechnut got up near the window. He could hear the men before him ask for their letters. Those who were accustomed to come to the office, would speak briefly,—simply giving their name; while those who were strangers at the office, usually made a long sentence of it, in speaking to the clerk. For instance, the man who was next but two, to Beechnut, put his head to the window and said to the clerk inside, “Is there any letter here, to-day, for Samuel Thompson?” where-

as, the man who had preceded him, simply said, speaking very distinctly, "George Jones." This last was sufficient, for as the clerk within was perfectly aware that nobody came to that window for any thing but letters, all that he needed to be informed in respect to each new applicant that came, was the name of the person whose letters he wished to get.

As Beechnut was amusing himself in observing these things while waiting his turn, he happened to perceive the woman who had been with him in the omnibus, coming along the passage-way, leading her little boy by the hand. She looked about, appearing to be a little bewildered, and seemed not to know where to go.

Beechnut immediately left his place in the line, though by so doing he knew very well that he should lose his turn, and be obliged to go to the foot again; but he thought that it would only take him a few minutes to get up to where he was before. So he went to the woman and said to her,

"If you came to get a letter, you must go to the ladies' window, which is out this way."

So he led the way, and the woman followed.

He came presently to a recess similar to the one which he had gone to first himself, only instead of having the letters of the alphabet over it, it had the words **LADIES' WINDOW** printed there.

"Would you be so good as to inquire for me?" said the woman.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "what is the name?"

"Mrs. Caroline Keep," said the woman.

Beechnut was very much surprised to hear this name announced. He, however, said nothing, but repeated the name at the little opening in the window, and the clerk inside immediately took down a parcel of letters from a compartment, marked **K**, and began to look them over. While Beechnut waited to see what the result would be, the woman stood by him, holding her boy by the hand. "My husband has gone to California," said she, "and I expect a letter from him. I had to bring my little boy with me, because I had nobody to leave him with at home."

Beechnut had a great desire to know whether this Mrs. Caroline Keep was any relation to his friend Caroline of Franconia, and he was upon the point of asking the question when the clerk handed him out a letter.

Mrs. Keep seized it immediately and said very joyfully,

“ Yes, it is from my husband.”

Then she thanked Beechnut again for his kindness, and went away very greatly pleased, as it seemed, with having got a letter.

Beechnut then went back to his own window, and took his place as before at the foot of the column. In due time, he made his way up to the window, and when there, instead of calling his name as the others had done, he handed in to the clerk a slip of paper with his name written upon it. This was Beechnut's usual practice, for his name being a French one, and having, of course, a very unusual sound for American ears, it was always the safest and also the most convenient way, both for himself and the clerks, that he should give it to them in writing.

The clerk took down a parcel of letters from the compartment marked B, and very soon gave Beechnut a letter. It was the letter which Phonny had written as a composition in Mr Keep's office.

Beechnut left the letter-window and went across the passage-way to a place where there was a window which looked out into the open

air, and there opened his letter and began to read. He was greatly astonished and very much alarmed at reading the account of the fire. Of course, he supposed the account was true. There was nothing either in or about the letter to suggest any other supposition. He was at first somewhat at a loss to know what Phonny meant by saying that his half-hour was not out, but he finally concluded that Mrs. Henry had limited him to half an hour in writing his letter, on account of the closing of the mail. He folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and walked rapidly along the passage-way among the people that were going and coming.

"I must set off for Franconia," said he, "by the very first train."

There was a clock at the end of a building which stood at the head of the street in which the post-office was situated. This clock is a very noted time-piece, being known universally to all the people who frequent that part of the city, as the State-street clock. Beechnut looked up at this clock as soon as he got out upon the sidewalk and found that it was half-past eight.

"The train leaves at ten," said Beechnut,

"I have just an hour and a half to do all my business."

He walked rapidly up the street till he came pretty near the head of it, and then turned into another short and narrow street on the left, where he recollected to have seen a hack stand. The hack was there. The horses were standing patiently in the rain, while the hackman, having got inside of his coach, was lying there in a corner fast asleep.

Beechnut pulled him and waked him up.

"How much do you ask for your carriage by the hour?" said he.

"To ride about town?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Beechnut.

"A dollar for the first hour, and seventy-five cents for every hour afterward," said the hackman.

"Well!" said Beechnut. "Drive me to the Marlboro' hotel."

So the driver got out of his hack and Beechnut got in. The driver then pulled out a great cape made of India-rubber cloth, from under his seat in front of the coach, and after putting it on, he mounted on the box and rode away.

The hackman stopped at length at the door

of the hotel. Beechnut went up into his room and packed his trunk. This was very soon done, and then he came down to the office and called for his bill.

"Do you leave town this morning, sir?" said the clerk.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "I am going out in the ten o'clock train."

"Do you wish for a carriage?" said the clerk.

"No, I have a carriage here," said Beechnut.

"Is your baggage ready?"

"Yes," said Beechnut, "all ready."

Here the clerk called out in a loud voice,

"Baggage in number thirty-seven."

There were several porters sitting on a settee in the office, and as soon as they heard the order of the clerk, one of them went up stairs to Beechnut's room and brought down his valise. In the mean time Beechnut paid his bill. He then followed the porter down stairs to the door. The porter opened the coach door and put Beechnut's valise inside. Beechnut then got in himself, saying to the driver as he got in,

"Thirty-three, Kilby-street."

The porter shut the coach door when Beechnut had taken his seat, and then the coachman drove on.

Beechnut spent an hour in driving rapidly from place to place about the city, attending to the business which had been committed to him. At some places he made purchases, and brought out the parcels which contained what he bought and put them into the coach. At other places he left directions to have the goods sent to Franconia by express, sometimes because the quantity was too great for him to take along with him, and sometimes because the things could not be got ready in time for him to take them. At length he ordered the hackman to drive him to the railway station, and he reached it just as the first bell was ringing, which was ten minutes before the train was to leave.

He bought his ticket at the ticket-office, and then went along with his valise to the place where the baggage was to be checked. There was a great pile of trunks, carpet-bags, and portmanteaus there, and the baggage-master was attaching checks to them. There was a young girl standing by, with a trunk and a

bandbox near her, waiting for her turn, and looking anxious and distressed. Beechnut asked her if he could help her.

"I want to get a check for my baggage," said she, "and I am afraid there will not be time, for the bell has rung already."

"Oh yes, there will be time," said Beechnut. "They will not start till all the baggage is taken in. Where are you going?"

The girl told Beechnut where she was going, and so Beechnut, taking her trunk and bandbox, carried them forward to the baggage master, and said,

"Will you be good enough to check this baggage now; it is for a lady."

The baggage-master asked him where it was going, and Beechnut told him. The man then selected the proper checks, and fastening one of each on the trunk and on the bandbox, by means of a little strap that was attached to the check, he gave the others to Beechnut, and Beechnut gave them to the girl. The girl seemed very much relieved, and immediately went away to get her seat in the car.

A moment afterward Beechnut got his own check, and then took his seat in one of the cars. Presently the bell tolled, the whistle

sounded, and the whole train began slowly to move out of the station.

Beechnut had a great variety of adventures that day, in getting home. The train that he was in, was detained for an hour, by some derangement of the machinery, and then, after that, having, by this detention, lost its right to the road, it was detained several times, at various branches, waiting for the other trains. When, at last, Beechnut reached the place where he was to leave the railroad and take the stage, he found that the stage was gone. It was now five o'clock, and he was extremely anxious to get home that night, knowing very well, that after such a fire, his presence at Franconia, at the earliest possible moment, would be very urgently needed. He accordingly hired a wagon to carry him. There was a boy to go, to drive. The distance was only about twenty-five miles, and Beechnut hoped to get home at ten o'clock. He went on, without difficulty, for about ten miles, though the roads were very wet, being everywhere filled with pools and streams of water; for it had rained incessantly all the day, and it seemed to rain faster and faster as the night came on.

At last, just as it began to grow pretty dark, they came in the wagon, to a long low place, near a pond, where the road was overflowed with water for a great distance before them. The boy stopped, and said that he should not dare to go through that water. Beechnut examined the place as well as he could, and thought there was no serious danger; but all his efforts to inspire the boy with courage sufficient to undertake the passage, were vain. The truth was, the boy was beginning to be tired of the dismal expedition that he had been sent upon, and was very glad to have any thing occur to release him from the necessity of going on three hours longer in the darkness and rain. He therefore positively refused to go any farther.

"Well," said Beechnut, "I will pay you for what you have done, and you may go back."

So Beechnut paid him the proper proportion of the sum which had been agreed upon for the whole journey, and then got out of the wagon.

"Now," said he, "give me my valise."

"But what are you going to do?" said the boy.

"I don't know," said Beechnut. "I am going to do something. I will consider and decide after you have gone."

So the boy turned his wagon round, and bidding Beechnut good-night, he drove away.

Beechnut had his umbrella over his head, and his valise in his hand. He went out to the side of the road, and found a vacant space among some bushes, which afforded him a little shelter. It is true it rained as much in that place as in any other, but there was no wind there to drive the rain under the umbrella. Here Beechnut began to undress himself, taking off his clothes with one hand, and holding his umbrella over his head with the other. His valise he had previously put down upon the ground at his feet. As fast as he took his clothes off he folded them up carefully, and put them on his valise. When all his clothes were off, he put his great coat on again, with nothing underneath it. He thought that this coat would be a sufficient protection for him in case he should meet any one coming, and besides, it would keep him from being cold. He supposed that the skirts of his coat would probably get wet, as he waded, but this, he concluded, would be of no great con-

sequence. He could wring them out again, when he got to the other side.

After putting on his coat, Beechnut bound his other clothes snugly to his valise by means of two straps which passed over the top of it. He then cut a long staff from the bushes growing near him, and finally, taking up the valise in his hand again, by means of a leather-handle that was attached to it in front, he went back to the road, and then began to walk forward into the water, holding his valise in one hand, and his staff and umbrella in the other.

It was now quite dark, and as Beechnut went on through the water, he was guided by the reflection of the sky upon it, and by the lines of trees and thickets which rose like dark walls on each side of the road. He kept as nearly as possible in the middle between these bounds. He felt somewhat afraid, but he knew that as it was a *road* that he was walking upon, it was not probable that the water would deepen suddenly, and then, besides, his staff, though he was very much encumbered in using it, by having to hold the umbrella in the same hand, was still of some service to him in enabling him to feel his way.



FORDING

He went through the water in this way safely. In fact, he reached the end of it sooner than he had expected. As soon as he came out of the water, he found that by good fortune there was a barn and a shed near, close by the side of the road.

Beechnut went in under the shed and put on his clothes there. The roof of the shed afforded him a perfect shelter. There was farmer's house a little beyond, and Beechnut, when he was dressed, went to it and applied for a horse and wagon to carry him the rest of the journey.

The farmer hesitated about letting his horse go out on such a dark and rainy night. Beechnut told him that he thought it was not going to rain much more. In fact, the rain had then almost entirely ceased, and the farmer on coming out to the door to look, found that

the clouds were breaking away, and in one place the moon was beginning to shine through. So the farmer harnessed up the horse and carried Beechnut home.

When they drove up to Mrs. Henry's house, Beechnut found, to his utter amazement, instead of the melancholy heap of smoking ruins which he had expected to see, that the house and all the buildings around it were standing safe and sound, just as he had left them a week before. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He could not think it possible that Phonny would have written him such a letter to deceive him, and yet there the buildings stood in all their integrity, with the moon shining upon them as calmly and peacefully as ever.

There were no lights visible in the house, for it was very late, and the family had all retired. In fact, it was past midnight. Beechnut paid and dismissed the farmer, and began to consider how he could get in without disturbing the family.

He went into the barn and got a ladder. He carried this ladder round to the back side of the house, and set it up there against a shed. He mounted to the top of the shed,

and walked along upon the roof until he came to a window which opened into his own room. He opened the window as noiselessly as possible, and crept in. He struck a light, made a fire, warmed and dried himself, and then went to bed. By half-past one o'clock he was sound asleep.

The next morning when Phonny came to know that his letter had actually been sent, and learned how much trouble it had occasioned, he was very much concerned.

"I did not think there was any harm," said he, "in making up an imaginary story of a house taking fire."

"There was nothing wrong in doing it," said Beechnut, "and there would have been no harm to come from it, if you made it *all* imaginary, that is, if it had been some fictitious *house* that you had burned down with your fictitious fire. For truth and fiction," continued Beechnut, "are in some respects like sugar and salt. Each is very good in its place, but it does not do to mix them together."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTY.

PHONNY always took a great interest in the opening of Beechnut's trunk or valise whenever Beechnut came back from any of his journeys, for he was almost always sure of finding something to amuse and interest him there. In fact Beechnut often brought some small presents on such occasions.

Accordingly on the morning after Beechnut's sudden return from Boston, as described in the last chapter, Phonny went into his room before breakfast, to see what he had brought home. Malleville followed him. She wished to see too. When the children went in, Beechnut was examining the clothes which he had taken off the evening before, to see if they were dry.

"Beechnut," said Phonny, "when are you going to open your valise?"

"Pretty soon," said Beechnut, "though there is nothing there that you will wish to

see. Except that I have been buying me a new pair of skates."

"Skates!" said Phonny, "why it is August. It is no time to buy skates in August."

"Ah, but I like to be in season with such things," said Beechnut. "I saw a new kind of skates in Boston, and so I bought a pair."

Beechnut was unstrapping his valise as he said this, and Phonny stood by anticipating with great interest the moment when the skates should come into view. At length Beechnut opened the valise and took out a large paper parcel from it. He opened the parcel and took from it a pair of superior skates, highly finished and full-rigged. Phonny seized one of them while Beechnut held the other.

"There," said Beechnut, "that's what I call a first-rate pair of skates."

As he said this, he applied the skate to his foot by way of showing Phonny what an excellent fit it would be. He found, however, that it was not long enough for his foot by an inch or more. He looked extremely astonished as he made this discovery, and exclaimed in a tone of great apparent disappointment,

"Upon my word, if they are not too small for me. How ridiculous it was in me not to try them on before I bought them."

In the mean time, Phonny, greatly excited, had applied the other skate to his own foot. It fitted him exactly.

"It is just right for me, Beechnut," said Phonny. "Exactly right for me,—look!"

Beechnut assumed a very comical expression of disappointment and chagrin.

"The next time I buy skates," said he, "I think I shall have sense enough first to try them on."

"You must let *me* have them," said Phonny, "they are just exactly right! see!"

"Yes," said Beechnut, despondingly, "I suppose I must. They will never be of any use to *me*."

So Phonny seized the skates and ran off to show them to his mother.

Malleville, not caring much about skates, remained with Beechnut.

"I am glad you have come home," said she, "for now we can have our party."

"What party?" said Beechnut.

"Why, Caroline is going to have a party," said Malleville.

"Ah," rejoined Beechnut. "And is she going to invite me?"

"Yes," said Malleville. "She is waiting for you to come home."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to her, for her politeness," said Beechnut.

"I don't think it is her politeness," said Malleville. "I guess she is waiting for you, so that she can have a better time."

Beechnut smiled, but said nothing.

Notwithstanding Malleville's expectations that the party would take place immediately now that Beechnut had returned, her pleasure was destined to another delay, for just as Caroline had fixed upon the day a second time, she heard that Malleville's brother Wallace, Phonny's cousin, was coming to Franconia in a few days to spend his college vacation, and that he was going to bring with him one of his classmates, a young gentleman from New York, named Livingston. Caroline accordingly concluded to postpone her party until Wallace and Livingston should arrive. She thought very justly that the party would be a much pleasanter one to all who should attend it, if these young strangers could be among her guests.

At length, one evening about five o'clock, the stage-coach drove up to Mrs. Henry's door, and Wallace and Livingston descended from it.

Livingston was a tall, and very handsome boy, with dark silken hair, and black eyes. His countenance was marked with a very gentle, and at the same time, with a very thoughtful and intellectual expression. He said but little, but seemed to look kindly and thoughtfully upon every thing, and upon every person, that he saw. As soon as he arrived, he went first into the house, with Wallace, to pay his respects to Mrs. Henry.

"How do you do, Livingston," said Mrs. Henry, as she gave him her hand. "I am *very* glad to see you."

Livingston gave Mrs. Henry his hand, and looked into her face with a pleased and happy expression of countenance, but said nothing. Mrs. Henry thought she had never seen so handsome a boy.

He held his cap in his hand, and he wore a sort of frock coat, that was buttoned up to his chin.

Wallace then took Livingston out, to show him the yards and the gardens, and the build-

ings of the farm. Livingston followed Wallace about, and looked at every thing very attentively ; and he appeared to be very much pleased with what he saw. The scene was, in some respects, quite novel to him, for he had been brought up in a city, and knew very little about the fixtures and appointments of a farm.

In the course of their walk, the boys met Beechnut coming out of the garden.

"Here comes Beechnut," said Wallace.

"Beechnut," said Livingston, extending his hand to him, in a very cordial manner, "I am very glad to see you. I have heard about you very often."

Livingston was particularly interested in the aspect of the rocks and mountains behind Mrs. Henry's house. He proposed to Wallace to go up there with him, at once. Wallace said that there would not be time to go up before tea,—and after tea it would be nearly dark. Livingston then proposed that they should get up early the next morning, and climb up to a certain summit that he pointed out, before sunrise. To this plan Wallace readily agreed. Phony and Malleville wished to go too, but when the morning came, and Wallace called

them, they were too sleepy to get up. So Livingston and Wallace went alone, and they had a very pleasant excursion.

During that day, the invitations came for Caroline's party. There were five persons invited from Mrs. Henry's, namely, Livingston, Wallace, Beechnut, Malleville, and Phonny. Malleville was greatly delighted at receiving her note, and she danced about with it for joy. Livingston said that he was glad that there was going to be a party, for he should like very much to see the girls and boys of Franco-nia together. Beechnut, as soon as he had read his note, sent Malleville to carry it up stairs to his room, and put it in a certain drawer there.

"You will go to Caroline's party, will you not?" said she, walking away backward with the note in her hand.

"In the evening, some time," said Beechnut. "I will come in season to bring you safely home."

The plan of the party was for the company to assemble at five o'clock. They were to spend one hour in the gardens and grounds, and then to go into the house for tea, at six o'clock. Taking tea was to occupy about half

an hour, and after that there were to be two hours for games and plays, and then, at half-past eight, the children were to go home.

The room called the hall, was the apartment in which Caroline's company were to be entertained. This room was selected partly because it was larger than any other room, and partly because there were so many books and playthings in the desks and closets which it contained. The children were first received, however, in the parlor. The parlor was in the front part of the house, and was very beautifully furnished. It had a very soft carpet upon the floor, and rich crimson damask curtains to the windows, and a center-table with a chandelier over it in the middle of the room, and sofas, arm-chairs, ottomans and other luxurious seats about the sides. The boys and girls, as they came up in small parties, to the door, were admitted by Susan, the maid who generally waited upon Caroline, and conducted to small bed-rooms, in which they put away their hats and bonnets, and then ushered into the parlor, where Caroline was standing, surrounded by her friends, ready to receive them.

As the company came in, some walked

about the room to see what was there, and some took their seats upon the sofas and ottomans. They were at first quite silent, and looked upon each other, and especially upon Wallace and Livingston, with a constrained air. In fact, though all the rest of the company were perfectly acquainted with each other, they were somewhat afraid of the strangers, though not more so, it is to be presumed, than the strangers were afraid of them.

After a little time Caroline proposed that the company should go out into the garden, and as they all seemed much pleased with this proposition, she led the way into the hall. From the hall there was a door leading out into a little green-yard, through which there was a passage to the garden. As they passed through the hall, some of the children asked Caroline to show them her playthings. So Caroline stopped to do this. She opened first a large, deep drawer. The drawer was full of picture-books and boxes of playthings. Caroline took a number of these things out, and distributed them about to the children, and she opened some boxes and took out the toys which were inside of them and strewed them all about the chairs and tables that were there.

The younger children gathered around her as she did this, and examined the curiosities and toys with the greatest interest. Among the rest was little Annie Linn.

Annie continually called to her sister Ellen, who was at this time about fourteen years of age, to look at one wonderful or beautiful thing after another, as Caroline brought them successively to view. Ellen seemed to take pleasure in looking at the playthings on her own account, but she was still more interested in them on account of her sister Annie, who kept fast hold of her hand all the time, and seemed very desirous that she should see all.

While a part of the company had stopped thus to look at Caroline's playthings, the rest passed on, and went out into a little piazza which opened upon the green-yard. Livingston remained behind looking at the playthings. Wallace had gone out. Wallace came back, however, to the door a moment afterward, and called Livingston to come out into the garden.

"Well," said Livingston, "I will come presently."

"No, come now" said Wallace, "here is a swing."

"Well," said Livingston.

"Yes, children," said Caroline. "Let us go to the swing."

So Caroline arose, and pushing the playthings aside, was about to follow Livingston and Wallace out to the swing, when Ellen Linn said to her,

"Let us put the playthings in order first."

"Oh, no," said Caroline, "Susan will do that. I hate to put things in order."

"Then what will you do when you are married?" said one of the little children. "How will you keep your house in order?"

"Oh, I shall have plenty of servants to do that," replied Caroline, laughing; and so saying, she ran off out of the room, followed by nearly all the children. Two or three only remained. Ellen Linn was among them.

She took the seat which Caroline had left, saying,

"I will put them in order. I shall like to do it. And we will look at them all, as we put them back."

In the mean time, Caroline, followed by her guests, went to the swing. The swing was suspended between two trees, which grew a little at one side, near the entrance to the gar

den. There was a great variety of shrubbery around the place, so that when swinging in it one seemed to be swinging in a bower. There were seats too, on each side of the swing, for those who were waiting their turn. After showing her companions the swing, and allowing those who chose to try it an opportunity of doing so, Caroline suddenly said, to those who were sitting on the seats,

"There is a rocking-boat, girls; let us go and see the rocking-boat."

"What is a rocking-boat?" asked one of the children.

"Oh, it is a kind of a boat to rock in," replied Caroline. "Come and see it."

A considerable number of the party immediately arose and followed Caroline down through a winding path, which led through a copse of shrubbery, until at length they came to a shady nook where there was a platform, and upon the platform, what Caroline called her rocking-boat. It was made somewhat in the form of a boat, only the bottom being rounded from front to back, it could be rocked to and fro;—not from side to side, like a cradle, but backward and forward like a rocking-horse.

"Now get in," said Caroline, "and I will rock you."

So the children clambered in, and Caroline began to rock them. Wallace and Livingston helped her. Presently they all got into the boat, and went on rocking



THE ROCKING BOAT.

it from within. This they could easily do by bending their bodies backward and forward, as if they were bowing to each other. Presently, Caroline proposed that they should sing; and pitching the tune she led off in some simple song, which most of the company knew. She was soon joined by other voices, and the whole company of voyagers were soon singing in chorus, keeping time with the motion of the boat, in a very joyous manner.

After this, the company separated, and rambled for some time, around the gardens, enjoying themselves in various ways, now

seated in bowers, now walking in shady paths, and now pursuing one another on the little grass plats which they found here and there, about the garden. Caroline entertained them everywhere, with her sprightly conversation. She was a very beautiful girl, and as she was dressed very prettily on this occasion, she attracted very general attention and regard. Livingston, as well as all the rest, admired her beauty, her accomplishments, and her ready wit.

He noticed all the other girls also, who were of the party, and without seeming to do so, he watched their appearance and demeanor, and formed his own opinion of their dispositions and characters from what he saw. He did not know the names of any of the boys and girls, however, except so far as he learned them by accident, or was told by Wallace. He took occasion several times, in the course of the afternoon, to speak to Wallace, aside, in some arbor or walk, whenever he had an opportunity for a moment's private conversation, to ask questions about the various persons who attracted his notice.

For instance, at one time, very soon after they came into the garden, as the children

were looking to see Uncle Ben water some flower-beds with a little watering engine, by means of which he was throwing the water all around him through hose and pipe, as firemen do at a fire, Livingston and Wallace were standing together somewhat aside from the rest, watching the operation. Caroline was at a little distance from them, having a small child, named Augusta, with her. She had lifted Augusta up and seated her upon the top of a sun-dial, which stood there, in order to enable her to see better. It was obviously a very hard lift for Caroline, to get Augusta up. Wallace and Livingston did not know that she intended to do it, until it was too late to help her.

"Caroline seems to be a very kind-hearted girl," said Livingston.

"Yes," said Wallace, "she is a very kind-hearted girl, indeed."

"And who was that sedate-looking girl that we left behind in the hall, putting the play-things back, when we came out?"

"That was Ellen Linn," said Wallace.

"She is a very good girl I believe," continued Wallace, "though I don't know her very much. I believe she is not very easy to get acquainted with."

"Where does she live?" asked Livingston.

"Oh, she lives in a small house on the bank of the stream a little way below the bridge. It is a beautiful place."

"Is it as beautiful as this?" said Livingston.

"Oh no," said Wallace, "it is not like this at all. It is a small, plain house. But then it is in a very pretty place, and every thing is very pretty around it. And they say it is all Ellen's work."

"Ellen's," said Livingston.

"Yes," said Wallace. "She takes the whole care of all her brother's and sister's affairs, and of her mother's too in fact, I believe. Beechnut thinks she is the finest girl in town."

"Then she must be a very fine girl indeed," said Livingston. "Nobody can judge better than Beechnut."

Just at this time Caroline came over to where Livingston and Wallace were standing, and began to talk with them; and thus the conversation between Livingston and Wallace was interrupted. A minute or two afterward, Livingston, taking an opportunity when Wallace was saying something to Caroline

turned to a little girl who was standing near, and asked her to take a walk with him to see some flowers. So he took the child by the hand and walked along. He talked with his little companion as he went, calling her attention to every thing curious or wonderful that he saw, until at last, after taking quite a little circuit among the paths and alleys of the garden, he came to the gate by which they had entered.

"And now let us go into the house," said Livingston, "and see what they are doing in the hall."

"Well," said the child.

So Livingston walked into the house leading the child by the hand.

Ellen looked up at him as he came in with a quiet and happy, and yet somewhat timid expression. There were four or five children of various ages with her, and they were all engaged in examining the playthings, and putting them away—Ellen superintending the operation.

"They ought not to have left you to have all the trouble of putting these playthings away," said Livingston, speaking apparently to the whole group.

"Oh we *like* to do it," said Annie. "We *like* to do it very much."

"What is your name?" said Livingston.

"Annie."

"Annie what?" said Livingston.

"Annie Linn," replied Annie.

"And is Ellen your sister?" said Livingston, looking toward Ellen.

"Yes," said Annie, "and Rodolphus is my brother."

Ellen looked up at Livingston with a slight expression of surprise in her countenance. She wondered how he came to know her name. She was pleased to find that he knew it, and yet she did not know why. She felt a little better acquainted with him than she had before, but yet she did not feel enough acquainted with him to speak to him. Livingston wished to speak to her, but he did not speak, for he did not know what to say.

Just at this time, Annie spied among the toys an image of a cow with only three legs. She was greatly amused at this discovery—a cow with three legs being in her estimation a very funny thing. She gave it to Ellen to look at. Livingston told her that one of the legs had come out. He observed that the

legs were formed of pegs that were cut in the proper shape, and inserted into the body of the cow. Annie looked for the leg, and found it at length in the bottom of the box. She took the cow in one hand and the leg in the other, and ran off to show it to Caroline. In a few minutes she came back, saying with an appearance of great delight, that Caroline had given the cow to her.

"She says it is not good for any thing, and that I may have it," said Annie, "and I mean to get Beechnut to fasten the leg in again."

Ellen shook her head as Annie said this, though in an almost imperceptible manner. She lifted Annie up into her lap and took the image out of her hand and said,

"No, Annie, you can't have it. We will put it back in its place again."

"Why can't I have it, Ellen?" asked Annie, looking up to her with a countenance expressive of great astonishment.

"You must not ask me why now," said Ellen. "We will put it back in its place."

Annie appeared very much disappointed, but she did not speak another word.

"I wonder what the reason is," thought Livingston to himself, "why she is not willing

that Annie should have the cow. Is it delicacy—because she thinks that Annie's carrying the cow to Caroline was in some sense asking for it, and that a present ought not to be accepted that seemed to be asked for,—or is it pride—because she is not willing that her sister should depend for her happiness on Caroline's broken playthings? Whichever it is," he continued, "I like her the better for it. In fact, I *hope* it is pride."

Whatever may have been Ellen's feeling, she seemed a little embarrassed and troubled by the occurrence. She went to work very diligently putting the playthings away. Livingston was trying to think what he could do or say to make her feel at ease again, when he heard the voices of the children coming in from the garden. In a minute more they all entered the hall. They had come in, as Caroline said, to see if tea was ready. They found that it would not be ready for half an hour.

So after rambling about the hall a few minutes, they all moved out into the garden again, and as by this time Ellen had put the playthings all away, she and the children who had been with her went too.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE PARTY.

As the company went into the garden and began rambling about in the alleys at the entrance of it, Annie stopped a moment to look at a large butterfly that came flying along near her. The butterfly had lighted upon a flower in a border, and Annie was in the walk opposite to it, standing with her hands behind her, and leaning forward so as to see. Livingston came up to the place and began to look at the butterfly too. Annie was a little afraid of him,—of Livingston, that is to say,—not of the butterfly.

“I am glad you came to this party,” said Livingston.

When Annie heard Livingston say this, she was less afraid of him than she had been before.

“I wish you would go and find Ellen,” said Livingston, “and ask her if you may take a little walk with me around the garden.”

"There is Ellen," said Annie, pointing.

"Well," said Livingston, "run and ask her."

So Annie ran toward Ellen, while Livingston remained where he was, following her with his eyes.

Ellen stooped down to hear what Annie wished to say. Annie made her request, and pointed back to Livingston. Ellen raised her eyes and saw Livingston standing still and looking toward her, with a smile upon his countenance. She smiled too, and told Annie that she might go. So Annie ran back to Livingston and gave him her hand, and they both then walked along together down the central walk of the garden.

"I am sorry that you could not have that cow," said Livingston. "Why did not you coax Ellen to let you keep it?"

"Oh, it would not do any good to coax her," replied Annie, "she never will be coaxed."

"Sometimes I can coax Rodolphus a little," she continued. "And I can coax my mother."

"And your father?" said Livingston, inquiringly,—as if he wished to ask how it was in respect to him.

Annie looked up somewhat surprised, and said, in a low and solemn tone,

"My father is dead. Did not you know that my father was dead?"

"No," replied Livingston, "and I am very sorry to hear it."

"Yes," said Annie, "he is dead. He was frozen."

"Frozen!" repeated Livingston.

"Yes," said Annie. "He was frozen in the snow; but I was not frozen, because I was covered up warm, with buffalos."

"Then you have not any father to take care of you," said Livingston.

"No," replied Annie. "Ellen takes care of me, and sometimes," she added, after a moment's pause, "my mother takes care of me too."

"And where do you live?" asked Livingston.

"We live down beyond the mill," said Annie. "You turn in by a tree. If you will come and see me some day, I will show you my garden."

"Have you got a garden?" said Livingston.

"Yes," said Annie. "Ellen made it for

me,—only Rodolphus dug up the ground. I raked it myself, and Ellen helped me plant the seeds."

Talking in this manner, Livingston and Annie passed entirely through the garden, and came, at length, to a gate, which led out into a field beyond. It was the same gate that Caroline, Malleville, and Phonny had gone through, in commencing their walk, on the day when they were out in the shower.

"Where does this gate lead to?" asked Livingston.

"Oh it leads to a path," said Annie.

"And where does the path lead to?" asked Livingston.

"It leads to a brook," replied Annie.

"Let us go and see," said Livingston.

So Livingston opened the gate, and he and Annie went through.

The path led by a winding way through a thicket, down to the brook. Livingston saw some flowers growing near a small heap of sticks and brushwood. He stepped out of the path to gather them. In doing so, he happened to observe a small crooked stem of a bush, with four crooked branches growing out from it, in such a manner as to present some rude

resemblance to a cow. At least there was resemblance enough to suggest the form of Caroline's toy cow, to Livingston's mind. So he took out his knife and cut off the part of the stem which had attracted his attention.

"What are you going to do with that?" said Annie.

"I thought that perhaps I could make a cow of it, for you," replied Livingston.

So saying he held the rude image up, for Annie to see. Annie looked at it a moment, with great curiosity and interest.

"Yes," said she, "that is a cow,—but perhaps Ellen will not let me have it."

"We will ask her," said Livingston.

So saying he stepped back into the walk again, and began to examine his piece of wood.

"If I knew how to carve," said Livingston, "I could make a very good cow out of it."

"Beechnut knows how to carve," said Annie.

"Then I will ask Beechnut to carve it for me," said Livingston.

"For *me*, you mean," said Annie.

"No, for me," said Livingston. "I shall ask him to carve it for me, and then I shall give it to you."

Annie did not understand such nice distinctions as this very well, and so she was silent for a moment. Presently she added,

"But I am afraid that Ellen won't let me keep it."

"We will see. Don't tell her any thing about it till it is done. It is a secret."

Just at this moment Livingston thought he heard some one calling him.

"Hark!" said he.

Annie listened a moment, and then ran up the path a few steps till she came in sight of the gate. She saw Phonny. Phonny had climbed up upon the gate, and he stood there looking down the path.

"Annie," said Phonny, as soon as Annie came into view, "you and Livingston must come in, for supper is ready."

So Annie and Livingston came up the path again, and entering the gate they walked together through the garden to the house. When they came in, they found the company all assembled in the hall for tea.

The room had been very judiciously arranged for the ceremony of taking tea. The apartment itself was pretty long, and near one end of it was a small table, with tea-pots and a large

number of cups and saucers upon it. Caroline was seated at this table ready to pour out the tea. She sat in a chair which was considerably higher than a common chair, and was without arms. It was made expressly for a lady to sit in in pouring out tea. Susan stood by her side, holding a large waiter in her hands. The waiter had a sugar-bowl and a cream-pitcher upon it.

Near the other end of the room was a large table, set out on the floor, with plates upon it. Seven or eight of the smaller children were seated around this table. In fact, it had been placed there expressly for those children who were too small to hold their cups and plates in their hands when taking their tea. All the older boys and girls of the party were seated around the room upon sofas and chairs. For all these, of course, the tea and cake were to be carried round by Susan.

As soon as Annie came in, she left Livingston and went directly to Ellen. Ellen led her to a vacant chair at the large table, and placed her there. Then she went back to her own seat, which was upon a chair in a window, next to Rodolphus. Livingston took a seat next to Wallace. Wallace had reserved the

seat for him. As soon as all were thus seated, Caroline began to pour out tea.

As fast as Caroline poured out the tea, which, by the way, Caroline's mother had taken care should be of no more than the proper strength for guests so young, she placed the cups upon Susan's waiter, and Susan carried them around the room to the company. When Susan came to the great table, she put the cups on it herself for each child, instead of allowing the children themselves to attempt to take them. She, however, put the cream-pitcher and the sugar-bowl upon the table, and allowed each one of the children to help herself to cream and sugar as she pleased. Each one after thus helping herself, passed the sugar-bowl and the cream pitcher to her next neighbor, and thus these articles moved from one guest to another all around the table, and then Susan put them on her waiter again and took them away.

The children were very much pleased with this arrangement, partly because it was of itself a great pleasure to them to be allowed to help themselves to cream and sugar, particularly to such rich cream and such white sugar as they were provided with on this oc

casion,—but more especially from the fact that the pitcher and bowl which they used were of silver, and there were many of the children who had never seen such large vessels of silver before.

There was one child in the party who was even still younger than the children who had seats at the large table—too young in fact to sit with them there. She was with her sister at a small work-table in a corner of the room, very near to where Livingston and Wallace were sitting. Livingston looked at her, and recollected that it was the same child that he had seen Caroline lift up upon the sun-dial. Her sister's name was Anne.

Livingston asked the child what her name was, but the little girl looked afraid and did not answer.

“Her name is Augusta,” said Anne. “She is afraid of strangers.”

“She looks pretty young,” said Livingston.

“Yes,” said Anne, “she is too young altogether to come to parties, but then I had to bring her or else stay at home myself.”

“How was that?” asked Livingston.

“Why my mother has gone away,” said Anne, “and left Augusta and me alone ;

and there was nobody at home to take care of Augusta. So I raked up the fire, and locked the house, and brought Augusta with me."

"I shall have to run home a minute or two after tea," continued Anne, "to see if the fire is safe, and I don't know what Augusta will say to being left here alone."

"No," said Augusta, "you must not go home."

Just then Susan came by with two silver cake-baskets filled with cake upon her waiter, and so in order to divert Augusta's attention from the subject, Anne gave her a piece of cake.

The whole party appeared to enjoy the tea-drinking very highly,—the room being filled with the sound of merry voices all the time. After tea the children went out upon the piazza and into the yard to remain there until the tables could be moved away, and the lamps lighted; for now the twilight was beginning to come on. In about fifteen minutes Susan came out, and after looking about the yard until she found Caroline, she advanced toward her and said in a very respectful manner,

"The room is ready, Miss Caroline."

There was immediately a general movement back toward the house. Caroline led the way and the rest followed, and thus they entered the hall. A great scene of commotion immediately ensued. Some ran eagerly to secure favorite seats in different parts of the room. Some began to propose plays, and went eagerly about the room to get others to join in them. Some were trying to form a ring, some to make a line, some were running to and fro in the exuberance of their joy and delight, and some were calling upon every body to sit down and be still. One girl in a corner was tying a handkerchief about the head of another girl for a game of blind man's buff, and a third was holding up three fingers before the one who was thus blinded, and asking her how many there were, by way of ascertaining whether she could see. In the midst of all this scene of confusion, one young lady, about seven years old, had mounted up into a chair, on one side of the room, and was waving her hand and calling out in a very emphatic manner,

"Hush!—Hush!—Hush!—Girls! you must not make such a confusion."

K

All this time Livingston stood at the door looking on and smiling at the scene.

At length, however, chiefly through the instrumentality of Caroline's efforts, something like order was restored, and the games began. The games continued without any special interest for about half an hour. During all this time some of the children were continually going and coming to and from the piazza and the yard, and there was a small party seated upon the piazza, talking together and telling stories. It is true it was now evening, but the air was very balmy and refreshing, and the moon was shining.

At length after the party in the hall had been playing about half an hour, their attention was suddenly arrested, and the play was stopped, by a loud outcry from the piazza, as if some one of the children were hurt. Several of the company immediately ran to see what was the matter. Others said it was only Augusta, and went on with the play. In the mean time the cry grew louder and louder Wallace went out to inquire what was the matter. He met Rodolphus coming away.

"What is the matter, Rodolphus?" said Wallace, "is any body hurt?"

"No," said Rodolphus. "It is only Augusta crying because her sister Anne has gone away. Anne has only gone for a few minutes. She will be back directly."

The terror which Augusta felt at being left thus alone was greatly increased at the efforts which the children made to quiet her. They all gathered around her and offered her all sorts of consolations, but as usual in such cases, their efforts were wholly ineffectual. Some told her in earnest and eager tones that Annie would come back very soon, some tried to take her up in their arms, and began to tell her stories, and one girl broke off a flower from a shrub which was growing in the yard, and brought that to her, in hopes that it would amuse her. But all was in vain. Augusta paid no attention to any thing that they said or did, but stood passive and motionless, and cried as loud as she could cry.

Just at this juncture, a strange figure suddenly appeared coming round the corner of the house. It proved to be Beechnut. He walked along the path until he came pretty near to the piazza, and then he stopped to find out what was the matter.

"Is she hurt?" said he, to one of the boys who were standing near.

"No," said the boy. "She is only frightened, because her sister has gone away."

Beechnut paused a moment, on hearing this, and then went forward directly into the circle, and before Augusta or any of the children around her had time scarcely, even to observe his approach, he took Augusta up in his arms, and began immediately to talk in her ear in a rapid and earnest manner, though in a kind and soothing tone, and at the same time carrying her off entirely away from the circle that had surrounded her.

"Come to me," said he. "I will take care of you,—I like you very much; they shall not one of them hurt you. I will take care of you; you are a very good girl; and a very *pretty* girl too, and they shall not touch you."

Augusta was at first immeasurably astonished at finding herself so suddenly lifted up, and carried from the scene which had terrified her so much. She began to listen to Beechnut's words. Beechnut's earnest assurances that he would take care of her, and especially his cordial commendations of her good

ness and her beauty, attracted her attention, and gradually comforted and appeased her. Beechnut, in the mean time, walked up and down the yard, carrying her in his arms, and repeating incessantly, the same words.

"I like you *very much*. You are an excellent girl. I am very glad that you are here. I will take care of you. These children shall not hurt you at all. I like you very much."

Augusta lay with her head upon Beechnut's shoulder, sobbing a little now and then, but gradually becoming more composed, until at length she appeared perfectly calm.

Beechnut then attempted to find some subject of conversation to amuse her. He did not dare, however, to introduce any new subject abruptly, expecting that if he were to do so he might lose the hold that he had acquired, and that then, on the thought of Annie coming back into her mind she would burst into tears again. So he said,

"I like you very much, and I like the pretty moon too. I see the moon in the sky, and I have got you in my arms, and I am not going to let any body hurt you. I am going to show you the moon because you are such a good girl, and I like you very much."

Then pausing a moment, and finding that Augusta appeared quite quiet, he said, in a very gentle voice,

"Can you see the moon?"

Augusta did not answer.

"Point to the moon with your finger."

Augusta raised her finger a moment, and pointed to the moon, and then put it immediately down again.

Presently Beechnut sat down upon a seat in the corner of the yard, and took Augusta down into his lap.

"How old are you?" said Beechnut.

"Three years old," said Augusta.

"Why, how old you are!" said Beechnut.

"Once I knew a girl who was only two."

From this, Beechnut went on until he gradually drew Augusta into quite a conversation, and finally led her back to the piazza again, where a great many of the children were standing, wondering by what sort of magic he had succeeded in so suddenly quieting the child. Anne had come back, and Beechnut restored Augusta to her care. Several of the girls asked Beechnut what he had said to Augusta to quiet her. Beechnut smiled, but did not answer.

After this, some of the older girls and boys gathered around Beechnut on the piazza, and proposed that he should tell them a story. Beechnut seldom made any objection to such a proposition as this, as he could always make up stories on such occasions, as fast as he could tell them. So he took his seat on the steps of the piazza, and prepared to tell a story, while all the more quiet and thoughtful of the company came around him. Some took seats on the settee, and others on the steps, by the side of Beechnut. Before he began, Livingston brought him his piece of wood, and asked him whether he could not carve it into a cow, while he was telling his story.

"I will try," said Beechnut. "It is quite a respectable cow now."

So Beechnut took a sharp knife out of his pocket, and began, at the same time, to carve out the form of the cow from the material which Livingston had given him, and to tell his story. Annie sat next to him, watching the progress of his work, and paying little attention to the tale. Ellen sat next to Annie; she, on her part, listened to the story, while she still, from time to time, observed how the

carving went on. The others were variously interested, some in one of Beechnut's operations, and some in the other, but all in attitudes of close attention.



THE STORY-TELLING.

The telling of the story occupied about half an hour. At length, Beechnut came to the conclusion, and rising from his seat, he said,

“That is the end of the story, and now we will go and see what they are doing in the hall.”

Beechnut gave the cow to Livingston as they went in. He had succeeded in making a much better image than could have been reasonably expected, considering the nature

of the material out of which he worked. Livingston took it in his hand and followed the rest of the company in. They found, when they entered the hall, that the children that were there had ceased playing, and were all now taking their seats around the room. The time had arrived, in fact, for the party to end, and as was the usual custom, they were taking their places in expectation that Mrs. Keep would come into the room where they were, and say a few words to them by way of bidding them good-night, before they went away.

Mrs. Keep had not yet come in, and so Livingston beckoned to Annie to come over to his seat. Annie asked Ellen if she might go, and having obtained permission, she ran across to where Livingston was sitting. Livingston gave her the cow, directing her, at the same time, to go and ask Ellen if she might keep it. Annie ran back to Ellen and showed her the present that she had received. Ellen appeared to be very much pleased. She looked up to Livingston and smiled. She then looked toward Beechnut, and thanked him in the same way.

"May I keep it?" asked Annie.

"Yes," said Ellen—"certainly. I think it is a very pretty present."

Just then, the door opened, and Mrs. Keep came into the room. The voices were then all hushed, and the room became entirely still.

Mrs. Keep advanced to a place in the room where all could see her distinctly, and hear what she had to say, and then addressed the company as follows:

"Young ladies, and young gentlemen; I have come to bid you good-night. I hope you have had a pleasant time. It is a great pleasure to have a company of friends come to visit Caroline, who know so well how to practice a gentlemanly and ladylike behavior. Every thing has been this afternoon and evening, just as I could wish. No disputing, no quarreling, no roughness or violence, no rude and unnecessary noise. When children will take care of themselves as well as you have done to-day, it is no more trouble to have a children's party than it is to have one of grown-people; and in one respect, I like to have such a party better than to have one of gentlemen and ladies, for I am much more sure that my company have a good time."

So saying, Mrs. Keep went round the room and bade each of the children a kind good-night, and then Susan and Caroline brought in their bonnets and cloaks, and they all prepared to go home.

That evening about nine o'clock, Wallace and Livingston, after they had got home, not feeling sleepy, went out together to a seat under a tree in Mrs. Henry's yard, and as the evening was very pleasant, and the moon shone in a very bright and cheerful manner, they remained there for some time, talking together about the party, and about the various persons who were there. In the course of the conversation, Wallace spoke of Caroline.

"Don't you think that Caroline is a very beautiful girl?" said he.

"Yes," said Livingston, "very beautiful, indeed; and she is a very agreeable girl, too."

"She will make an excellent wife for you some of these days," said Wallace.

"Not for me," said Livingston.

"Why not for you?" asked Wallace.

"She is a very fine girl," said Livingston;

"but it will take a great deal of riches to make her happy."

"What if it does?" said Wallace; "you will be just the one for her, your father is so rich."

"How rich do you suppose he is?" asked Livingston.

"I suppose he is worth one hundred thousand dollars," said Wallace.

"And how much of that do you suppose he ought to give his sons," said Livingston "when they come of age?"

"Why—say—half of it," said Wallace doubtfully.

"That is fifty thousand. I have three brothers, and that makes four of us. The money would make about twelve thousand dollars apiece. The annual income of twelve thousand may be about eight hundred; and eight hundred dollars in New York, where I am going to live, would not pay the rent of a house."

"Not the rent of a house!" said Wallace.

"No," said Livingston, "decidedly not. that is, of such a house as Caroline would want to live in."

Wallace was silent. He seemed to be musing on what Livingston had said.

"Besides," continued Livingston, "I have no idea of having my father give half of his property to us boys when we grow up. He will want the income of it for himself and my mother in their old age. He began life himself with nothing. He has worked hard to maintain us all, and give us the best education, so that we can begin life for ourselves with the best advantages. When he shall have done this for us for twenty years, I think it will be enough. I mean to begin then to make my own fortune,—and if ever I have a wife, it must be one that will know how to help me make it."

CHAPTER VIII.

JASPER.

THE story which Beechnut related to the children, on the piazza at Caroline's party, was about a dog named Jasper. He began as follows:—

"The story which I am going to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, is about a remarkable dog. In fact, he was a very remarkable dog, indeed."

"Yes," said Phonny, "that will be a good story."

"Once there was a farmer," continued Beechnut, without noticing Phonny's interruption, "and he had a dog that lived with him in the woods. He was named Jasper."

"The farmer or the dog?" asked Phonny.

"The dog," said Beechnut. "I have forgotten what the farmer's name was. I only remember it began with a W."

"No matter what *his* name was," said a

boy whom they called Robin, "tell away upon the story."

"Was it Williams?" said one of the children.

"No," said Beechnut, "not Williams."

"Woodman," said another.

"It might possibly have been Woodman," said Beechnut; "that sounds like it. At any rate, we will call it Woodman, and I will go on with the story."

All this talking on the part of Beechnut about the name of the farmer, was of course only his contrivance to make the story which he was about to relate appear like a sober matter of fact; for although Beechnut never attempted really to deceive the children, and frequently told them, that they must not put any faith in what he related to them, unless he should previously assure them that it was true,—still in relating his fictitious narratives, he always endeavored to do it in such a manner as to make them appear like realities, for the time being; and he resorted to a thousand ingenious methods for strengthening the temporary illusion which constitutes the chief charm of a fictitious tale;—the one in fact, on which all its other charms depend.

“Mr. Woodman,” resumed Beechnut, “was a young man about twenty years of age, and he had a farm in the woods, in a new place, ten miles from all the other settlements. He had built a small house in the middle of the opening which he had made in the forests on his farm, and was going to be married the next fall. In the mean time he lived in his house alone. For animals he had a yoke of oxen and a horse, and he had a barn to keep them in. He also had a dog. The dog lived in the house with Mr. Woodman.

“One day there came a great rain. It rained all day and all the next night, and on the following morning the ground was so wet everywhere, that Mr. Woodman could not work upon it. So he concluded that as his stock of flour was nearly out, he would go to the settlements and procure some more flour. His plan was to buy some wheat, and take it to a mill and get it ground, and then to bring the flour home in a bag, on horseback. So he put the empty bag upon his horse, shut the door of his house, whistled to Jasper, his dog, to follow him, mounted upon his horse and rode away.

“About a mile from his house there was a

river which he always had to cross, when he went to the settlements. There was no bridge across this river, and so Mr. Woodman was obliged to ford it when he wished to go over. There was an island in the middle of this river, and Mr. Woodman in fording the stream usually went first over to the island, and then after passing across the island, he would ford the other part of the stream, and so reach the shore on the farther side.

“The road which led to this river from Mr. Woodman’s house, was not much more than a path through the woods. It was rough, rocky and crooked; and in wet weather it was in many places almost impassable, for there were certain swampy spots where, in riding across, the horses’ feet would sink down deep, among stones, roots and mire.”

“What a road!” said Phonny.

“Mr. Woodman, however, proceeded,” continued Beechnut, “notwithstanding these difficulties. The horse tramped steadily on in the middle of the path, sometimes slipping on the rocks, and sometimes sinking in mud and water; while Jasper chose his way, now one side of the road and now on the other, wherever he could find firm and dry footing.

“There was a great white rock forming a sort of precipice near the shore, at the place where the road came down to the river. When Mr. Woodman arrived at this point, he found that the water of the river was much higher than usual. The stream had been swollen by the rains. Mr. Woodman had some doubt whether it was safe to attempt to ford it. Jasper thought it was decidedly unsafe to attempt it:—and he told Mr. Woodman so.”

“Why! could Jasper talk?” asked Malleville, astonished.

“Oh no,” said Beechnut, “he could not speak words, but he could communicate what he thought very well by signs and barking. So when Mr. Woodman came down to the bank of the river, and looked as if he were preparing to cross it, Jasper would run to and fro on the edge, barking at the current, and then run back from the water again,—endeavoring by this conduct to dissuade Mr. Woodman from the attempt to go over. But Mr. Woodman thought that he *must* go, and so he drove his horse into the stream. When Jasper found that his master would go, he followed on.

“As I have already told you,” continued

Beechnut, "there were two channels to cross, one on each side of the island. The farthest one, that is the one beyond the island from where Mr. Woodman came to the river, was the deepest. Mr. Woodman knew that it was so, and this was one reason why he determined to make an attempt to cross the river. He thought he could certainly get over the first channel, so as to reach the island, and then he could better judge whether it would be prudent to attempt the second. He concluded that if he found, on going over to the island, that the water was very deep, he could easily then come back again, and go home, without going into the most dangerous part of the river at all.

"He found the water in the first channel very deep,—deeper in fact than he had expected. Still he succeeded in getting across and in reaching the island in safety. The current was very rapid, and in one place, it was so deep that the horse was floated off from his feet, and obliged to swim. Mr. Woodman thought that the horse was going to be carried down the stream, and was on the point of getting off from his back and swimming himself, for the shore, but the horse, a moment after

ward, got over the deep place, and regained his footing, and so waded on the rest of the way, to the island.

“Mr. Woodman stopped a little while on the island, to let the horse rest, and then was very much in doubt whether he should undertake to cross the other channel or not. All this time he sat on a rock, holding his horse by the bridle, while Jasper sat before him, looking up into his face, and wondering what he was going to do.

“Mr. Woodman finally concluded that he would try the other channel. He thought it was somewhat uncertain whether he could get across, but he concluded that if he should find the water too deep and the current too rapid, he would turn the horse round and swim back to the island again. So he mounted his horse and rode down to the brink of the water. Jasper looked, and ran back and forth, more than he had done before.

“‘You don’t like it, Jasper, I see,’ said Mr. Woodman, ‘but I believe I will try it, nevertheless.’

“So he rode into the water.”

“What a foolish man!” said Robin.

“His plan was,” said Beechnut, “to ride

upon the horse until it became too deep to ride any longer, and then to get off and swim by the side of the horse, until he should get to where he could touch bottom again. And inasmuch as in swimming across the deep place, it would not be possible for him to hold the horse's bridle in his hand, as he would need to use both of his hands in swimming, he determined that when he dismounted, he would give Jasper the bridle, to carry in his mouth ; 'for Jasper,' he said to himself, 'does not need his mouth to help him in his swimming.'

"His plan being all thus arranged, Mr. Woodman drove into the river. The horse walked along, the water growing deeper and deeper all the time, until at length it began to come over the saddle. Mr. Woodman then threw the bridle off from the horse's neck, and called Jasper to come and take it. Jasper came swimming up to Mr. Woodman's side, and took the bridle, and then struck off toward the middle of the stream, while Mr. Woodman dismounted on the other side, and attempted to swim behind.

"Mr. Woodman, however, found that he had not taken into account how powerful the cur-

rent of a river is, when swollen by the rain. For as soon as he and his horse lost their hold upon the bottom, they all began to drift down the stream, horse, dog, and man, together. They struggled against the current in vain. Finally they gave up all hope of getting across the river, and thought only of saving themselves from destruction. They struggled on, but their struggles did but little good. They were swept down the stream until they got entirely below the island, and then were carried round in a grand sweep, back toward the shore that they had originally come from.

“Now, it happened that as is usual with islands upon rivers, there was a long shoal extending below the island in this river, which shoal was formed by the sand which had been washed down the stream, and had lodged below the island, where the water was comparatively still ; and the course which the current took in drifting Mr. Woodman, and the horse and dog down the stream, carried them over the point of this shoal, at a place where Mr. Woodman himself could just touch bottom. The horse himself could not touch bottom yet ; for a man, being taller than a horse, though in other respects not so large, can stand in the

deepest water. It happened thus, that Mr Woodman succeeded in stopping, himself, while Jasper and the horse were carried on.

Mr. Woodman, glad to escape with his life, waded up along the shoal until he got back to the island. Here he sat down upon a rock to let the water drain out of his clothes, and to get breath. He looked down the stream, and there as far as he could see, he could just discern the two heads—the horse's and the dog's,—like dark dots upon the surface of the river. They seemed to be making toward the shore on the side that Mr. Woodman had come from. Mr. Woodman watched them, of course, very intently. At length he had the satisfaction of perceiving that they were drawing nigh to the shore. Soon after this he could see the form of the horse gradually rising into view, as the animal came up out of the water. Jasper kept hold of the bridle, and when the horse got to the land, Mr. Woodman could see Jasper leading him along in the edge of the water to find a place where they could get up the bank. At length, he seemed to find a place; and Jasper leading the way with the bridle in his mouth, the horse scrambled up to a level spot, high and dry among the trees.

“Of course, the place where Jasper landed was on the same side of the river that Mr. Woodman’s farm was upon, but it was down at a considerable distance below the place where the road from the farm came down to the bank at the great white rock which I told you about. Jasper waited on the bank a few minutes until the horse had had a little time to rest, and then he began to lead him along through the woods by the bank of the river, up toward the road. He kept the horse’s bridle in his mouth all the time, and in leading him through the bushes and thickets, he chose the way wherever he saw the best openings and the firmest ground. At length he brought the horse up to the road, and stopping there by the great white rock, he began to look off toward the island to see what had become of his master.

“To his great joy he saw Mr. Woodman sitting there safely. Mr. Woodman began to call to Jasper, speaking to him in a kind and encouraging tone, and praising him for what he had done. Jasper was very much delighted to hear his master’s voice. Mr. Woodman looked at the water and began to consider whether it would be prudent for him

to attempt to swim over to where Jasper and the horse were standing. He found, however, that it would not be, for the river had been rising rapidly all the time, and was now much higher than when he first came over. He concluded, therefore, that he must remain on the island until the water should subside."

"What does subside mean?" asked Phonny.

"Go down," said Beechnut.

"Then why don't you say go down?" rejoined Phonny.

"Because," replied Beechnut, "go down has two meanings. In one sense, the water was going down all the time; that is, it was going down the river toward the sea. So it is more precise to say subside. It was not subsiding then at all."

"Never mind about that," said Robin, "but tell on."

"When Jasper found," continued Beechnut, "that Mr. Woodman was not coming, he concluded that it would be best for him and the horse to go over to the island, so he went on, with the bridle still in his mouth, to the edge of the water, intending to lead the horse n. But the horse had had enough of the

river, and was afraid to go in again. Jasper pulled with all his strength, but the horse would not follow him.

"Then Jasper laid down the bridle and went round behind the horse, and began to bark at his heels, to see if he could not drive him in. But this did no good. The horse knew very well that Jasper would not bite him, and so went quietly to cropping the grass, leaving Jasper to bark as much as he pleased.

Jasper, finding that he could not do any thing with the horse, finally concluded to leave him and to go himself over to the island.

"Mr. Woodman was very glad to have his dog near him again. He patted him on his head, praised him for taking such good care of the horse, and then called him round to a sunny corner among some rocks, where he thought that they might both get dry.

But Jasper was not contented to remain there. He very soon went away, and began to run about the woods on the island, and along the shores, picking up sticks and pieces of wood and bringing them to Mr. Woodman."

"What was that for?" asked Phonny.

"For fuel, so that Mr. Woodman might make a fire," replied Beechnut. "You see that Jasper had been in the woods a great many times with his master, and had been trained to gather sticks to help build a fire; and thus whenever his master was in any lonely situation where Jasper thought that a fire would be advantageous, he always immediately went to work to gather fuel for it."

"But how did he suppose," said Phonny, "that Mr. Woodman could set the sticks on fire?"

"He did not know," replied Beechnut, "but that he had some matches in his pocket."

"Well, if he had," replied Phonny, "it would have done no good, for they would have all got drenched through, while Mr. Woodman was swimming in the river."

"True," said Beechnut, "but Jasper, though he was a very intelligent dog, did not know enough about matches to understand that they would not burn when they were wet. So he went on bringing the fuel until he had made quite a pile, and he wondered why his master did not build a fire with it.

“At last he got tired of what seemed to be a useless labor, and not knowing what else to do, came and lay down by Mr. Woodman’s feet. Mr. Woodman himself did not know what he could do, except to wait patiently for the water to subside. Thus they remained for three hours. The horse stayed all this time too, near the white rock where Jasper had left him, eating the grass and herbage which grew about there.

“At length Jasper began to grow hungry. He thought that his master must be hungry too, and so he concluded to go and see if he could not get something to eat. He accordingly left Mr. Woodman, who was at this time examining a mark that he had made on the shore, in order to see whether the water was falling or not, and plunging into the current he swam back to the great white rock.

“He concluded that since he was going home, it would be best for the horse to go with him; so he took up the bridle in his mouth, and pulling gently, led the horse to the path. Mr. Woodman had taught him to lead the horse about in this manner, and had taught the horse to obey him. So the horse went along where Jasper led the way, and thus in

about three quarters of an hour, the horse and the dog arrived safely together at the farm.

“Jasper knew very well, that the place for the horse was in a stall, in one corner of the barn. So he led him to the barn door. The door was shut. Jasper went around and clambered in through a small square hole which there was in the side of the barn, and then being on the inside, he pushed the door open. The horse went in, and walked directly into his stall.

“Jasper knew very well that the saddle and bridle ought to be taken off, and he looked up at the horse a moment, as he stood in the stall, to see if he could contrive any way of doing it. But he could not, and so he left the horse in the stall with the saddle and bridle on and went to the house.

“The door of the house was shut, but the window was open, and Jasper jumped in.

He first looked about the room to see whether all was safe. There was but one room in the house you must know, with a sort of step ladder in the back part of it, leading to a little garret above. Jasper found that every thing was as they had left it in the morning. He then went under the table and

brought out a basket which was kept there, one in which he was accustomed to convey Mr. Woodman's luncheon to him, when he was at work in the field. This basket he carried out into the middle of the floor. Then he went to a corner of the room where there was a sort of open cupboard, called a dresser. He jumped up upon a chair which stood near the dresser, and from the chair he climbed up to the lower shelf of the dresser, which was much wider than the shelves above, being intended to serve the purpose of a table. On one of the upper shelves there were two or three loaves of bread. Jasper contrived to push one of them down from its place to the shelf where he was standing, and from this shelf to the floor.

"Then he jumped down himself, and worked the loaf of bread along on the floor to the place where he had left the basket. He turned the basket over upon its side, and then pushed the loaf into it. He then took up the basket, by the handle, in his mouth, and went to the window.

"Here, however, he encountered an unexpected difficulty, for he found that he could not jump up to the window-sill, while holding

the loaded basket in his mouth. Whenever he attempted to do so, the bottom of the basket would strike upon the sill, and throw him back to the floor. So he put the basket down, and jumped up to the window without it, and then turning round, looked down to the basket still remaining on the floor, and whined. But this did no good. There was nobody to lift the basket up to him, and so he soon saw clearly it was not possible to get it out at the window, and that he must therefore contrive some other plan."

Here Beechnut set all the children to conjecturing, what the plan was which Jasper finally hit upon, to get the bread out of the house. One guessed that he went and opened the door; but Beechnut said No, the latch was so high that Jasper could not reach it. Another guessed that he gave up the basket and took the bread alone. But Beechnut said that the loaf of bread was so big, that he could not carry it in his mouth alone. At last they all gave up guessing, and said that they did not believe there was any possible way.

"He recollected," said Beechnut, "that there was a small window in the garret, which

opened with a shutter. So he took the basket with the bread in it, and went up the ladder. He found the window, pushed the shutter open, and then dropped the basket out. He looked out afterward, himself, to see if it went really down to the ground, and finding that it did so, and not daring to jump down from such a high place himself, he descended by the ladder, and then had no difficulty in getting out at the window in the room below.

“As soon as he had got out, he lifted the basket, by taking the handle in his mouth, and trotted along the road which led to the river. When he reached the great white stone, he stopped a moment to look across to the island, to see if Mr. Woodman was still there. Mr. Woodman was there, and as soon as he saw Jasper, he began to call him. Jasper plunged into the water, and swam across, carrying the basket as before. A good deal of water got into it, as he swam with it across the stream, and the bread was considerably wet on the outside, but Mr. Woodman soon dried it in the sun, and then he and Jasper made an excellent dinner from it.”

When Beechnut had got as far in his story as this, he found that he had finished his cow,

so he concluded to end the story. He paused a moment, and then said,

“And that is all.”

“But, Beechnut,” said the boys, “how did Mr. Woodman get off of the island?”

“Oh, the water subsided so much that afternoon,” replied Beechnut, very coolly, and rising from his seat at the same time, “that Mr. Woodman found that he could go on to the settlement. So he gave Jasper the basket to carry home, directing him when he went away, to bring the horse down again. So Jasper carried the basket home, and then went into the barn and brought out the horse, and led him down to the river, and then Mr. Woodman went on his journey. He did not come home until the next day, and then he found every thing just as he left it, except that the basket was upon the step of the door. Jasper had put it down there, because he could not drop it *up* into the garret window, as he had dropped it down.”

M

CHAPTER IX.

PLANS FORMED.

AT the time that Livingston made his visit to Franconia, Caroline had a beautiful black horse, which she used for a saddle-horse, and on which she often took rides alone, on the various roads which led out of the village of Franconia.

One morning, about nine o'clock, as Livingston and Wallace, accompanied by Malleville and Phonny, were coming out through the great gate in front of Mrs. Henry's house to go down to the river for the purpose of taking a sail, they saw Caroline coming, cantering along the road upon this horse.

"Here comes Caroline," said Malleville,—"on Pony Black. Let us stop and see her."

"Yes," said Phonny, "she is beckoning to us."

Wallace and Livingston, on looking down the road, saw that Caroline was really beck-

oning to them, and that she seemed to hastening on, as if she wished to speak with hem. So they stopped where they were to wait for her.

When she came up, she told them that



CAROLINE AND THE BOYS.

there was a gentleman at their house from out of town, who had a plan of going up on a certain mountain, about five miles from Franconia, upon a blueberry excursion on the following day, and that he wished to have

some of the boys and girls of the village too, so as to make up a party. The gentleman himself was going to take a young lady of the village, whom Caroline called Miss Rose, and he would like to have half a dozen others join the party, so as to have a good merry time going up the mountain.

"You see," said Caroline, "we shall ride about five miles, and then leave our horses and carriages in the woods and walk up the mountain. The blueberries grow on the top, and it is too steep to ride up.

"Mr. Clarendon,"—continued Caroline.

"Is his name Mr. Clarendon?" said Malleville.

"Yes," said Caroline, "and a very elegant gentleman he is. He lives in Boston. He is going in a carriage with Miss Rose. I thought that Phonny and Malleville might go in one wagon, and you, Wallace, and Mary Bell might go in another."

"Well," said Wallace, "I should like to go very much."

"And you will go, too, won't you. Livingston," continued Caroline.

"Why, yes," said Livingston, "I should like to go very much."

"Rodolphus Linn is going with Ellen and Annie in another wagon," said Caroline.

"And how are *you* going," asked Livingston.

"Why, I have not any particular plan," said Caroline. "Perhaps I shall go in the carriage with Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose."

"No," said Livingston, "you will have to go with me."

"Well," said Caroline, "just as you please. That will make four wagons or chaises, besides the carriage,—Wallace and Mary Bel in one, Rodolphus and Annie in another, Livingston and I in another, Phonny and Malleville in another."

"But I would rather go with Mary Bell," said Malleville, speaking in a complaining tone.

"Yes, but then there would be nobody to go with Phonny," replied Caroline. "You will have to go with Phonny to keep him company."

"But Phonny might go on a horseback," said Malleville. "He likes to ride on a horse back."

"Yes," said Phonny.

"Well!" said Caroline, "and I will lend you my Pony Black for your horse."

Phonny seemed very much delighted with this arrangement, and thus all things were settled.

Caroline said that the party was to set out from her father's house at eight o'clock in the morning, and that they must all be particular to be there in time. So saying, she bade the boys good morning and rode away.

Before she had gone many steps, however, she stopped her horse, and turned round again.

"Don't you think," said she, "that it would be a good plan to have Beechnut go with us? He is such a help."

Livingston and Wallace, both thought very favorably of having Beechnut invited.

"Then I will go and invite him," said Caroline. "First I will go and ask Mrs. Henry if she can spare him to go."

So Caroline turned the horse up through the gate and cantered into Mrs. Henry's yard.

She dismounted at a horse-block which stood in the yard, fastened her horse to a post, and then went into the house to find Mrs. Henry.

Caroline found Mrs. Henry seated in the

back parlor. She explained the plan of the blueberry party to her, and Mrs. Henry readily consented that Phonny and Malleville should go, according to the arrangement which had just been made at the consultation in the road. Caroline then asked Mrs. Henry whether she could spare Beechnut to go too. Mrs. Henry replied that Beechnut was just then very busy in helping build a bridge up in the pasture, but said that Caroline might ride up if she chose, and see him, and that if he thought that he could be spared easily from the work for a day, he might go.

"In fact," said Mrs. Henry, in conclusion, "I should like to have him go very much, to look after Phonny and Malleville; only I suppose that as Livingston and Wallace are going, it is not really necessary."

"No," said Caroline, "but at any rate, I will go and see him."

So Caroline went out into the yard again, and taking her horse by the bridle, she led him through various gates and yards, until at length she came to the pasture bars. She took these bars down, led the horse through, and then mounting the horse, she went on up the road. The road was very wild and romantic.

affording splendid prospects of the surrounding country all the way. At length, after ascending for some time, Caroline began to descend. The road soon entered a wood, and after winding about among thickets for some time, it led Caroline at last, to a brook. Here Caroline found two men and Beechnut, at work with a yoke of oxen, hauling logs and building a bridge. Beechnut was driving the oxen.

As soon as Caroline came near, Beechnut, who was then on the other side of the brook, called upon her to remain where she was a moment, and said that he would come over to her. So Caroline stopped her horse. The pony began immediately eating the grass by the road-side, while Caroline watched the proceedings of Beechnut and the men.

Presently Beechnut left his team, and crossing the brook on stepping stones, advanced to where Caroline's horse was standing, and then patting the horse upon his shoulder with one hand, while he held his goadstick in the other, he said,

"Good morning, Caroline. How did you find out that I was here?"

"Mrs. Henry told me," said Caroline. "I

came to see you about a blueberry party, tomorrow. We are going up the mountain, and we want you to go too. Mrs. Henry said that you might go, if you could be spared from this work,—and you can, for you have got the bridge almost done.”

“Let me see,” said Beechnut, talking to himself apparently, “can I go or not?” Then turning to Caroline, he asked, “Who is going?”

So Caroline described the plan in detail. She told him about Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose who were going in a carriage. Then Wallace was going with Mary Bell and Malleville, and Phonny was going on horseback. Rodolphus Linn was going to take Ellen and Annie, and she was going with Livingston.

“Well,” said Beechnut, “that’s a very good arrangement. I think it will be a very pleasant party. But who is there to go with me?”

“Oh, you can find somebody,” said Caroline, “or you might go on horseback with Phonny, if you choose.”

“Besides,” she added, after a moment’s hesitation, “it is not quite certain that Rodolphus can go. He don’t know that they can

spare him from the mill. If they can not spare him, you might go in his place, and take Ellen and Annie."

Beechnut was silent a moment, and seemed to be thinking of Caroline's proposal.

"Well," said he at length, "I will think of it and send you word to-night. I am not certain whether I can go or not. I'll see."

"And Caroline," continued Beechnut, "I saw a namesake of yours in Boston when I was there."

"A namesake of mine!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Yes," said Beechnut; and he then proceeded to relate to Caroline the adventure which he had met with at the post-office, when he inquired for a letter for a lady who said that her name was Mrs. Caroline Keep.

"It must be my cousin William's wife," said Caroline. "She was a Caroline something I recollect, and *he* has gone to California. He used to be a wild young man."

"I thought," rejoined Beechnut, "that his wife seemed to be left in rather destitute circumstances."

"I will tell my mother about it," said Caroline, "and, perhaps, she will write her a let-

ter and inquire. Or I will write her a letter myself, and then if she needs it, we will send her some money."

"I *would* do that," said Beechnut.

So saying, Beechnut returned to his work and Caroline rode away.

That evening, after tea, Beechnut went into the house to see Mrs. Henry. He told her that he came to speak to her about the blueberry excursion that was to take place on the following day.

"Well," said Mrs. Henry. "Can you leave your work so as to go with the party?"

"Yes, Mrs. Henry," said Beechnut, "I find I can. The men say that they can finish the bridge now very well without me. Still, unless you prefer to have me go on account of Malleville and Phonny, I would rather spend the day in another manner."

"In what manner?" said Mrs. Henry.

Beechnut looked a little embarrassed, and seemed hesitating about his reply.

"Ah, it is some secret, I see," said Mrs. Henry, smiling. "Well, spend it as you please; I give you the day. It is not necessary for you to go up the mountain, for Wallace will take care of Malleville, and as for

Phonny, he is getting to be big enough to take care of himself."

Beechnut thanked Mrs. Henry, and went away.

The result was always like this in every proposal or request that Beechnut ever made to Mrs. Henry. He was so faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and so patient and persevering, and he so seldom made any request to be allowed to go away, that Mrs. Henry placed the most implicit confidence in him in all respects, and always complied with whatever he proposed.

Beechnut from the house went out into the barn. Phonny was sitting on the steps of the shop near the barn, making a windmill. Beechnut went into the stable, which was at one end of the barn, and began to lead out a horse. Phonny laid down his windmill and ran out into the stable to see what Beechnut was going to do.

"Beechnut," said Phonny, "are you going away?"

"Yes," said Beechnut.

"Where are you going?" said Phonny.

"To the post-office," said Beechnut.

"May I go with you?" said Phonny.

"Why—yes—" said Beechnut, after some hesitation. "I was going on horseback, but if you wish to go, too, we will put the horse into the wagon and ride together."

Phonny was much pleased with the prospect of a ride to the village. So he went and put his work away carefully in the shop, and then came back and helped Beechnut harness the horse and wagon.

As soon as Beechnut had driven out of the great gate into the road, Phonny asked if *he* might drive.

"Yes," said Beechnut.

"And will you change seats with me?" said Phonny.

"Yes," said Beechnut.

So Phonny took Beechnut's seat, which was the one on the right side, and then taking the reins and the whip, he drove along the road, very much pleased.

Presently there appeared another wagon coming at a distance. Phonny felt ambitious to go by this wagon without turning out of the road a great deal himself. He was influenced in this by two different feelings. In the first place he considered it a mark of good driving to be able to go by another carriage by pass-

ing very near to it. Then besides, the other wagon was driven by a boy whom he knew, and who was a little younger than himself, and he felt a sort of foolish pride in making this boy turn out as much as possible for him. The other boy did not turn out much, and so the hubs of the wheels came very near striking each other as they passed.

In fact Phonny thought at the instant that the wheels passed each other that they were going to strike, and he looked over the side of the wagon at the moment, uttering a slight exclamation of fear,

“Hi—yi!” said he.

The wheels passed by each other without striking, and then Phonny looked up to Beechnut with a smile upon his face saying,

“No harm done.”

“Yes,” said Beechnut, “there is considerable harm done.”

“What harm?” asked Phonny.

“You disturbed my quiet of mind,” replied Beechnut, “and you have spoiled the comfort of my ride for ten rods. If you had had a lady here in my place, you would have spoiled all the pleasure of her ride from the beginning to the end of it.”

"Oh, Beechnut!" said Phonny.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "that is so,—for after such a narrow escape as that, she would have been anxious and uneasy every time you should meet any thing on the road. You ought to drive in such a way that you shall not only not *hit* any thing, but so that those who are riding with you shall see that there is not the least danger of your hitting any thing."

"I never thought of that," said Phonny.

Phonny was more careful after this to keep at a good distance from danger in his driving, and in a short time he reached the village. He stopped at the post-office, and Beechnut went in and obtained the letters. When Beechnut had got into the wagon again, Phonny was about turning around to go home, but Beechnut directed him to drive on.

"I am going to the mill," said he.

Phonny was always very glad of an errand at the mill, as he liked to see the waterfall made by the dam, and the torrents and whirling eddies which were formed in the channel below. Besides he always liked to have his ride prolonged, especially when he was driving. So the boys rode on to the mill

Phonny fastened his horse to a post at the door of the mill, and then asked if he might go down to the water while Beechnut was engaged in doing his business in the mill. Beechnut gave him permission to do this, so Phonny ran down the path, and Beechnut went into the mill.

When he had entered, Beechnut looked around the room, to find Rodolphus. Presently he saw him in a corner, engaged in tying up some bags. Beechnut went to the place.

"Ah! Beechnut," said Rodolphus, "have you got a grist to grind this time of the day?"

"No," said Beechnut, "I came to see if you were going on the blueberry expedition to-morrow?"

"No," said Rodolphus, in a mournful sort of tone. "I can not go. They can't spare me from the mill. There is a great deal to do to-morrow."

"Would you have liked to go?" asked Beechnut.

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "I should have liked to go very much, but I can't."

"Could Ellen and Annie go?" said Beechnut.

"Yes," said Rodolphus. And then looking up joyfully, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, he added, "And as I can't go, I wish *you* would go and take them with you."

"No," said Beechnut, "I can not go to-morrow very well, but I will go and see your uncle, and perhaps if I speak to him, he will let you go."

"Well," said Rodolphus, "you can try; but it won't do any good, I know, for the water is high, and there is a great deal to do to-morrow."

It was Rodolphus's uncle that had charge of this mill. He owned one half of it, and Mrs. Linn, Rodolphus's mother, owned the other half. It had originally belonged to Rodolphus's father and uncle, in partnership. They were brothers. When Rodolphus's father had died, his share of the profits went to Mrs. Linn, while the sole management of the business, thenceforth, devolved on the surviving partner.

While the boys were holding the conversation above described, Rodolphus finished tying up the bags, and then, as that was all that he had to do that night, he went around with Beechnut to see that the gates were all shut

securely. When this was done, he was ready to leave the mill. The two boys had got to the door just at the time when Beechnut made his proposal to go and speak to Rodolphus's uncle.

"Where is your uncle?" said Beechnut.

"He has gone home," said Rodolphus.

Mr. Linn, Rodolphus's uncle, lived in a small white house at a short distance,—only a few steps in fact,—from the mill. So Beechnut requested Rodolphus to remain where he was a moment, while he went to the door of the house to see Mr. Linn.

Rodolphus accordingly remained where he was, while Beechnut went to the door of the house. He knocked at the door, and then turning round, looked back at Rodolphus and smiled. In a moment, a little child came to the door.

"There comes Benny," said Rodolphus, to himself.

Rodolphus could see that Beechnut held a brief conversation with Benny, and that then, Benny went back into the house again. A moment afterward, Mr. Linn himself came to the door.

Beechnut and Mr. Linn seemed to be talk-

ing a few minutes together at the door, and then, suddenly, Mr. Linn called out,

"Rodolphus!"

"What, sir," said Rodolphus.

"It's all right; you can go to-morrow," said Mr. Linn.

Rodolphus was not only much pleased, but he was also very much surprised, at hearing this. He wondered what it was that Beechnut could have said to his uncle, to produce so sudden a change in his determination.

"What did you tell him?" said Rodolphus, when Beechnut came back.

"Oh, I only told him," said Beechnut, "of a way by which he could get along without you for one day. I will explain it all to you some other time. Go home now, and tell Ellen and Annie to get ready. And I will bring over one of our wagons for you, to-morrow morning, at half-past seven o'clock."

"I can come and get it myself," said Rodolphus.

"No," replied Beechnut, "I would rather bring it to your house."

On the way home, Beechnut directed Phonny to stop a moment before Mr. Keep's yard. Phonny accordingly drew up at the great gate.

Beechnut then took the reins from Phonny's hands, and said to him,

"Go in and see if you can find Caroline. Tell her that I have concluded that I can not go to-morrow, but that Rodolphus is going with Ellen and Annie."

So Phonny descended from the wagon and ran into the house. In a few minutes he returned, and began to climb up into the wagon again.

"Did you find her?" said Beechnut.

"Yes," replied Phonny.

"And did you tell her?" said Beechnut.

"Yes," replied Phonny.

"And what did she say?" said Beechnut.

"She said 'Well,'" replied Phonny.

The tone of voice in which Phonny pronounced the word "Well," in imitation of Caroline, seemed to express indifference and unconcern.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLUEBERRY PARTY.

ON the following morning after the events described in the last chapter, that is, on the morning of the day appointed for the ride, Hepzibah gave Beechnut his breakfast somewhat earlier than usual, in order that he might be in season in taking the wagon down to Mrs. Linn's. After putting every thing into the wagon which he thought would be necessary for the expedition, he mounted into it himself and proceeded toward the village. It was a bright and beautiful morning.

Beechnut drove directly over the bridge and down to Mrs. Linn's. Annie was watching for him at the door. As soon as she saw the wagon, she ran into the house clapping her hands and calling out,

"He is coming! He is coming!"

Ellen Linn came to the door and welcomed Beechnut with a smile. She and Rodolphus were both ready, and they immediately got

into the wagon, first putting in some tin-pails and tin-dippers for the blueberries. One of the tin-pails contained provision for a lunch soon; for the party expected to remain on the mountain all day.

Beechnut assisted Ellen to mount into the wagon, and then when all were ready, Rodolphus drove from the door. Beechnut walked by the side of the wagon until they came to the great gate, and then remained to shut the gate, while Rodolphus drove on. Ellen turned round twice to nod a good-by to Beechnut as the wagon went on its way. Beechnut watched the wagon as it receded, until at last it came to a turn of the road and disappeared.

Beechnut then went to the mill. He spent the day working there in Rodolphus's place. This was what he had proposed to Rodolphus's uncle, as an inducement for him to allow Rodolphus to go on the excursion.

It was full three quarters of an hour from this time before the party were prepared to set out from Mr. Keep's,—there were so many preparations and arrangements to be made,—so many directions to be given and received,—so many things to be put into the vehicles,

and so many things to be taken out after they were in, in order to be put in some other wagon where they would ride better. At length, however, all was ready, and Uncle Ben held open the great gate while the procession moved through.

First came Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose, in a very pretty, four-wheeled, covered carriage. Though it was covered, however, there was nothing to prevent those riding in it from seeing the prospect, for the curtains were up all around. The seats in this carriage were very soft. Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose occupied the back seat, and there was a little child, a sister of Miss Rose, upon the front seat. Her name was Emma. Emma did not *sit* upon the seat, but kneeled upon it, with her face toward the window, so that she could look out. There were two horses to this carriage, and a driver outside.

Next to this carriage came a chaise drawn by a handsome chestnut horse. This chaise belonged to Mrs. Henry. Livingston and Caroline rode in it. Next came a wagon with Wallace, Mary Bell and Malleville. Malleville sat upon a little stool between Wallace and Mary Bell. The space in the back of

this wagon, behind the seat, was filled with pails, baskets, dippers, luncheons, and other such things. Next came Rodolphus's wagon. In the back part of this wagon, Uncle Ben had put in a bag of grain for the use of the horses. Phonny was mounted on Caroline's Pony Black. He waited at the door until the train of vehicles had passed out, and then putting his horse to the canter, he passed by one after another of the vehicles, until he reached the head of the column, and then rode on rapidly along the road leading to the mountain, until he was far in advance of them all. Then he turned round and rode back to meet them.

It had been agreed before setting out, that in order to avoid any inconvenience which might otherwise be occasioned by the dust, the carriages should keep at some distance from each other, with the understanding that those who should first reach the mountain, should remain at the place where the horses were to be fastened, until the rest of the party should arrive. Livingston accordingly drove very slowly, until the carriage which conveyed Mr. Clarendon and his party were almost out of sight.

Livingston liked Caroline's company very much, she was so lively and entertaining in her conversation. She told him who lived in the several houses that they passed, and described the characters of the people in a very sprightly, and at the same time, in a very good-natured manner. She also asked Livingston a great many questions about New York, where Livingston lived, and about the college where he was receiving his education, and she listened with a great deal of interest, to the information which he gave her on these subjects.

At length, after they had gone about a quarter of a mile, and were ascending a hill from which there seemed to be a pleasant prospect, Caroline asked Livingston if he did not think it would be pleasant to have the chaise-top down.

"I think it will," said Livingston, and he immediately stopped the horse and got out, and put the chaise-top down. The action of this top was regulated by springs, one on each side of the chaise. Livingston loosened one of these springs, and then went round to the other side of the chaise to loosen the other. While he was doing this, however, the first

became tightened again, so that the top would not go down. After going back and forth in this manner, two or three times, he at length succeeded in accomplishing his object. He put the top down, and then got into the chaise again.

"I am sorry to make you so much trouble," said Caroline.

"Oh, that is of no consequence," said Livingston. "It is much pleasanter to have the top down."

So they rode on. Very soon, however, they passed over the summit of the hill, and here the road turned toward the eastward, which brought the sun a little upon Caroline's face. After riding so for a short time, she began to find the sun somewhat uncomfortable, so she told Livingston that she believed it would be better to have the chaise-top put up again. Livingston accordingly stopped the horse, got out of the chaise, pushed up the top, fastened the springs, first on one side and then on the other, and finally got into the chaise again, and drove on.

The road, presently, in one of its windings, came in sight of a beautiful sheet of water. Caroline told Livingston that this was what

they called the mill-pond. The road descended in a winding manner, until it came very near the shore of this pond. This was the same road, in fact, that Caroline had come out into with Phonny and Malleville, on the evening of their walk, at the place where they saw the dog, that Phonny thought was a fox. As they rode along by this place, Caroline gave Livingston a long and very entertaining account of the excursion she had made there, and of their getting caught in the shower, and finally of their going home in the boat by the way of the mill. She showed Livingston also the gap in the stone-wall, where the romantic pathway commenced, and said, that if he and Wallace would form a little party some day, to go and walk there, she would go with them and show them the way.

Livingston said that he should like the plan very much indeed.

"I am sorry now," said Caroline, "that we put up the chaise-top, for we have beautiful views of the pond along here, and I don't think that the sun would trouble us much now."

"Well," said Livingston, "I can put it down again."

"I am sorry to trouble you so much," said Caroline.

"It will be no trouble at all," said Livingston. So he stopped the horse and got out of the chaise and put the top down again. As soon as he had got it down, Caroline said after all she believed that it would be better not to put the top down, but to roll up the curtain of the chaise behind.

"Then," said she, "we can look out behind and see the prospect, and yet the top will be up to screen us from the sun."

Livingston began to be tired of making so many changes, but still he readily acquiesced in Caroline's wishes, so he put the top up again, and then climbing up behind the chaise, he rolled the curtain up, and secured it by its straps, where it could be out of the way. He then got into the chaise, and Caroline seemed satisfied.

At this instant they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and looking round they saw Wallace and Mary Bell coming up in their wagon.

"What is the matter?" cried out Malle-ville, who was sitting on her stool in front.

"Nothing," said Livingston.

"Where is Phonny?" said Malleville.

"I don't know," said Livingston. "He is somewhere before." So Livingston drove on.

Caroline looked out behind at Wallace's wagon for a little while, exchanging various signals with Mary Bell. At length she lost sight of the wagon at a turn of the road, and did not see it again for many miles.

After riding about three quarters of an hour, Caroline began to complain of being thirsty.

"I will stop at the first farm-house," said Livingston, "and see if I can get some water."

"I am sorry to trouble you so much," said Caroline.

"It will be no trouble at all," said Livingston.

Just at this moment Phonny was seen on his horse at some distance in advance, and Caroline proposed that Livingston should drive fast and overtake Phonny, and so get *him* to go after the water. "That will save you the trouble," said she.

But Livingston thought that it would be more trouble to drive forward and overtake Phonny, than to go and get the water himself, so he said he thought they had better let

Phonny go on. "It is very doubtful," said he, "whether we can catch him."

"Oh yes, we can catch him easily enough," said Caroline. "Give me the whip."

So she took the whip and began whipping the horse to make him go faster. Livingston did not like this very well, but he did not think that it would be polite for him to make any objection, so they rode on faster and faster. Phonny heard them coming, and looked round, and when he saw Caroline whipping the horse and making him go as fast as possible, he drove on rapidly himself, considering it a sort of race. Caroline began to call out aloud for him to stop, and as she could not make him hear, she wished Livingston to call to him. Livingston did so; while Caroline putting down the whip took her handkerchief, and waved it in the air as a signal. At length Phonny began to understand that they wished him to stop; and so reined up his horse by the road-side, just opposite, as it happened, to a farm-house.

"Phonny," said Caroline, "I am thirsty, and we want you to get off your horse and go to this farm-house and see if you can't get me a drink of water."

"No," said Phonny, "for if I get off my horse, I can't get on again."

Caroline looked quite blank at this unexpected difficulty. Phonny, without waiting to hear what plan she might devise for obviating it, whipped up his horse and cantered back along the road, to see what had become of Rodolphus.

Caroline turned round and called out loudly for Phonny to stop; but Phonny pretended not to hear her, and the louder she called the faster he galloped away. He was afraid that she would urge him strenuously to dismount and get some water, and he knew that if he were to do so it would be very difficult for him to get on again. He could not mount a horse without a horse-block.

"I can get the water just as well myself," said Livingston. "There is a pump," he added, pointing,— "with a dipper on the top of it, all ready." So saying he descended from the chaise.

"Oh, I can not drink out of a tin dipper," said Caroline. "I never can bear the taste of any thing in tin."

So saying Caroline made a face so expressive of disgust, that Livingston perceived at

once, that the idea of her drinking from the dipper, was wholly out of the question.

"If you would just go to the door," said Caroline, "and ask them, they will lend you a tumbler, I have no doubt."

Livingston was very unwilling to do this, for he inferred very justly, that the people of the farm-house, by putting the dipper upon the pump, had shown that they considered such a vessel a suitable one for passing travelers to drink from. He thought that perhaps they had put it there expressly for the purpose of saving themselves from being troubled with applications at the door, for something to drink from. However, he could not well refuse to comply with Caroline's request, and so he went up to the door of the farm-house and knocked. A woman came to the door.

"Will you be kind enough," said Livingston, in a very polite and gentlemanly manner, "to lend me a tumbler to get some water for the young lady with me?"

"*There* is a dipper, on the pump," said the woman, pointing to it.

"Yes," said Livingston, "but if you had a tumbler or a mug that you would lend me a moment;—"

The woman looked first at Livingston and then out at Caroline, who was in the chaise—and then, after a moment's pause, she said,
“No,—tell her I have not got any tumbler or mug to spare.”



THE REFUSAL.

Livingston turned and went away, feeling extremely chagrined. He thought that the woman did perfectly right, and that he ought not to have made such a request of her. He began to think too, that Caroline, with all her

beauty and accomplishments, was still a very troublesome companion. In fact, for a lady to place a gentleman thus in a false or ridiculous position, by her whims or caprice, is to put his interest in her to the severest possible trial.

Livingston came back and reported to Caroline that he could not obtain any tumbler or mug, and asked her whether he should bring her some water in the tin dipper,—but she said No, she could not drink out of it.

“And besides,” she added, “I am not very thirsty. I can get along very well until we get to the stopping-place.”

Livingston secretly wished that she had thought of this before.

He said nothing, however, but got into the chaise and drove on. After going about half a mile, he came in sight of the carriage. He and Caroline saw the carriage slowly ascending a hill.

“There they are,” said Caroline, “let us drive on, and overtake them.”

So Livingston drove on. They gained rapidly upon the carriage, and overtook it just before it reached the top of the hill.

“Let us drive by them,” said Caroline, “and so get first to the stopping-place.”

"Oh no," said Livingston, "that will not do."

"Ah yes!" said Caroline. "It will do perfectly well."

"Mr. Clarendon would not like it," said Livingston. "He arranged the order of the riding, and it would not be proper for me to go before him."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Caroline. "Give me the reins then, and I will drive by him."

But Livingston would not consent. He would neither drive by Mr. Clarendon's carriage himself, nor give Caroline the reins, in order that she might do it. Caroline was a little piqued at this, but she submitted, and so they rode on in the proper order, until they arrived at the foot of the mountain.

Here the party all assembled, and driving their vehicles into the woods, they came at length to a level, and somewhat open place, on the margin of a stream, where there was convenient standing ground for the horses. They partly unharnessed the horses, so as to separate them from the vehicles, and then fastened them to trees, at safe distances from each other. They next divided the grain which they had brought, among the several

horses, pouring down each one's portion on the grass before him. Then they took their pails and baskets out of the wagons, and forming a long procession, they entered upon the steep and winding path which conducted up the mountain side. The driver of Mr. Clarendon's carriage went with them, and took the largest part of the load.

In due time, the party reached the blueberry ground, and there, having established a depot for their baskets and pails under some rocks, they rambled about the ground, and began gathering their berries. Livingston supposed that it was proper, now that the riding was ended for the present, that the company should intermingle in some degree, and that the several boys should aid and converse with all the other members of the party, as occasion should offer, and not confine their attentions altogether to the girls who had rode with them respectively; he, accordingly, began to talk sometimes with Mary Bell, sometimes with Ellen Linn, and sometimes with the children. He was induced to do this partly by his sense of propriety and his judgment in respect to what was fitting at such times, and partly by his inclination; for

he had a strong desire to become better acquainted with Ellen Linn. But Caroline seemed not to approve of this course of proceeding. She had a great many excuses and pretexts for bringing Livingston back to her whenever he strayed away from where she herself was employed. Sometimes she called him to see the prospect which was presented from the place where she was standing, sometimes to climb up upon some rocks to get her a flower which she saw growing there, and sometimes she wanted him to carry her measure of berries to the great basket, when she had filled her measure full.

Things went on pretty much in this manner all the day. At noon the party assembled on a flat rock under the shade of some trees and ate their dinner. After dinner they spent about an hour in gathering berries again. By this time the baskets and pails were generally full, and Mr. Clarendon said that it was time for them to set out on their return. So they assembled again at their depot, took up their baskets and pails,—which were all now heavily laden,—and forming a procession as before, they began slowly to descend the mountain.

When they had come about half-way down the mountain, the party overtook two boys who had been gathering blueberries to sell. These boys had gone up very early, and had been very industriously at work all day, and so they were very heavily laden. They stopped at the side of the path to rest, and to let the long company of strangers go by. Caroline and Livingston were behind, as it happened, at the time ; and when they came up to where the boys were standing, they found that Mary Bell and Ellen Linn had stopped to talk with them. Livingston stopped too.

Caroline ran on a few steps, and then looking back, called out to Livingston to come.

"Come, Livingston," said she, "come down and get the chaise ready."

But Livingston remained still. He and Mary Bell were trying to contrive some way to help the boys carry some of their load. The boys were very small, and they looked pretty tired.

"Have you got to walk all the way to the village?" said Livingston.

"Yes," said one of the boys.

"Come, Livingston," said Caroline, calling to him. "If you don't come, I shall go off in Mr. Clarendon's carriage."

Livingston still lingered with the boys, but at length, after having "changed about," as they called it, the baskets and pails which Livingston, Mary Bell and Ellen Linn were carrying, so as to get one of Livingston's hands free, Livingston took the heaviest of the boys' pails, and then they all came on together, following Caroline down the hill.

Miss Rose had heard Caroline declare that she would go in the carriage unless Livingston would come on, and so when Caroline got to the foot of the mountain, she proposed to Mr. Clarendon to invite her to get in with them, just to see, as Miss Rose said, what Caroline would do.

The driver of the carriage reached the place where the horses had been left, first, and as he immediately harnessed his horses, the carriage was ready first. When the carriage was nearly ready, Mr. Clarendon asked Caroline to get in and ride with them going home. "You will have an excellent good time," said he, "riding in here with Emma."

"Well," said Caroline—"if Livingston makes no objection."

She looked toward Livingston as she said this, expecting that he would protest very earnestly against her riding anywhere but in his chaise. But Livingston was very busy harnessing his horse, and appeared not to hear what she said.

So Caroline put her foot upon the step of the carriage, and then looking toward Livingston, she said,

"Livingston!"

Livingston looked up toward her. She smiled, as if to say, "See, I am going to get into the carriage."

Livingston said nothing, but looked at Caroline as if he did not understand.

"I am going to ride here with Mr. Clarendon; I suppose you will not make any objection."

"Certainly not,"—said Livingston. "You will find it very pleasant in the carriage, I have no doubt."

So saying, he dropped a trace which he held in his hand, and hastened to the carriage to help Caroline get in.

Caroline was very much disappointed, and

somewhat vexed at this answer; though she had no reason for being so, for Livingston ought certainly not to object to her riding home in any way that she considered most agreeable. Caroline was, however, much disappointed, but after what had passed she could not avoid getting into the carriage. She, accordingly, took her seat by the side of Emma, concluding to let it pass for a joke, and in a few minutes get out again. Before she had time, however, to execute this manœuvre, Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose were ready, and came into the coach suddenly. The driver shut the door and mounted upon the box, and began to turn the carriage round.

The more that Caroline thought of the occurrence, the more she was inclined to be vexed with Livingston for not having expressed some interest in having her ride home with him; and she now determined that he should come and ask her to get out of the carriage and go back to the chaise, or she would leave him to ride all the way home alone. Livingston, on the other hand, though he felt not a little embarrassed and mortified at the occurrence, thought that a lady ought to be left at liberty to desert the gentleman who

had taken her under his charge, if she chose to do so; and that, as Caroline had gone away of her own accord, he would allow her to remain until she should conclude to *come back* of her own accord. So when he had finished harnessing his horse, he got into the chaise, and taking his seat in it, he followed on after the carriage as soon as the carriage began to move. Caroline, who was sitting upon the front seat of the carriage with her back to the horses, of course had her face turned toward Livingston, and as the back curtain of the carriage was up, she could see him very easily by looking between Mr. Clarendon and Miss Rose. She smiled and nodded at Livingston by way of wishing him a good time in his solitude. Livingston responded to these salutations by polite bows.

When the party came out into the road, Livingston turned his chaise to one side in order to let Wallace drive by.

"What have you done with Caroline, Livingston?" said Wallace as he passed.

"She has gone in the carriage," said Livingston. "Drive on. I have got to stop and see Rodolphus."

So Wallace drove on, wondering what could

have caused the separation between Livingston and Caroline.

When Rodolphus came up, Livingston seemed to wish to speak with him, and so Rodolphus stopped.

"Rodolphus," said he, "what do you think of helping those boys home? Caroline has gone in the carriage, and now if you would let your sisters get in here with me, you might carry them and their berries to the village, with you in the wagon."

"Well," said Rodolphus, "that is an excellent plan."

"Yes," said Ellen, "how kind it was of Caroline to think of it."

She supposed that Caroline had given up her seat and gone into the carriage intentionally, in order to make room, so that the boys might have a ride.

So Livingston got out of his chaise and helped Ellen and Annie down from the wagon, and the boys who were just then coming up got in. Caroline saw the whole of this operation, from her seat in the carriage, though she was too far off to hear what was said. She saw, however, that her place in the

chaise with Livingston, being now occupied, there was no possibility of regaining it.

Livingston waited till Rodolphus and the boys were ready, so as to let them go on before him, and thus his chaise brought up the rear. He did this in order that he might drive as slowly as he pleased. It was a very pleasant evening, and he and Ellen and Annie rode home very happily together.

THE END.

